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SISTERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll d'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

There are certain houses which I never pass without desiring to adorn them with a mural inscription. Some otherwise uninteresting dwellings are made illustrious by tablets which certify that historical personages once lived there. My inscription would be equally chaste and simple: "Here L. F. A. was ill," followed by the date. This would be no arrogant assertion of distinction; nor should I desire that the owners of the houses in question should allot a space on their walls for my exclusive use. Other initials might stamp their melancholy record of bygone trial over the doorway. The idea is not to be deprecated, like the cutting of names on ancient monuments; nay, it has a claim which transcends the right of Smith to deface holy and hoary memorials with his particular share of the alphabet. If it comes to that, I have never been angry with Smith since I found the names of Byron, Shelley, and old Dumas on the walls of the dungeon where the Prisoner of Chillon left his own superscription on the stones worn by his despairing tread. But my mural tablet would be in no sense an obtrusion of mediocrity or insignificance in places dedicated to the immortals. It would be most conspicuous on the exterior of hotels and lodging-houses, which can scarcely be called Walhallas of the great departed. It would impart a spectacular interest to many flat and colourless blocks of brickwork in this city of London. It would give a sparkle to sightless windows, rarely cleaned by maids-of-all-work, and festoon with evergreens of memory those rusty heralds of news from the outer world, which are wont to resound in the sick man's ear with the postman's knock or the phlegmatic summons of the tax-collector.

My particular tablet would affix itself first to a house in a dingy square, consecrated to flitting phantoms of the imppecunious. I do not remember the number; but I walk that way sometimes, hoping that a door will open and reveal a fragile little woman with anxious eyes, which have a strained look, as if they were always striving to see the rent of dubious lodgers by a process of clairvoyance. Where art thou, mistress of the art of making jam-pudding without jam, tenacious of coal and frugal of candle, struck to the heart by dread lest the ailing denizen of the top-floor-back should be smit with a fell disease which would make companion-lodgers fly, and would offer to thy poverty the horrid incense of disinfectants? Where is thy dirgeful daughter, who accompanied on the piano the slow weeks of my convalescence with a melody which struggled through the preliminary bars, and then fell dead lame? How that hobbling tune comes back to me, with a sort of wondering lament that the fingers of thy child were apprenticed to discord instead of the cutlery and the cruet! At fourteen she might have been a neat-handed Phyllis with a table-cloth and its appurtenances; but thou must needs set her on a music-stool, to strum agony into imprisoned auditors! Was it with the hope that, by-and-by, her graces and accomplishments might win the heart of some Fortunatus who paid his rent promptly every Saturday? Had the morning practice of thy little maid an accent of reproach to the sick detrimental upstairs, as if she said, "What's the good of my learning to charm a desirable lodger if you are going to have typhoid?" I wonder whether she was ever borne upwards on the mangled quavers of that hapless composition to the matrimonial pinnacle of thy dreams. Well, I would gladly tender my tablet as a peace-offering if the right door in that dingy square were to open and let in this flood of memories.

The mural memento shifts to a lodging kept by a spinster landlady of mature charms, who was reported to be awaiting the advent of a truant adorer, long since vanished on the high seas. It was vaguely understood that he was seeking for buried treasure in the Spanish Main, and that when this came to light, he would return, laden with antique gems, to decorate this patience on a monument, who, meanwhile, took in boarders, and blushed when the conversation turned on the business of sea-faring. The company at her table somehow sustained this romantic ideal. There was a gentleman with a bald head and prominent eyes, believed to be the rightful owner of vast wealth, which he was kept out of by a wicked uncle, who had even gone the length of putting him in a lunatic asylum, on the flimsy pretext of a sunstroke in India. Regularly every morning he set forth to consult his lawyers, who were doing battle with the uncle at a vast expense; and every evening there was a flutter of expectation that the bald head, over which hovered the aureole of coming riches, would shine upon us as a certificated cranium of a millionaire. Two or three dowagers graced these possibilities of splendour with anecdote of rank and fashion; and a youthful Teuton, with a terrific appetite, laid the foundation of an alien capitalist's fortune by preying on the spinster landlady's attenuated commissariat. I was the only

skeleton at the feast; yet was it a crime, O mature spinster waiting for a laggard love, to fall ill in such a household? Did you think that the bald-headed litigant would be frightened away, that the dowagers and their anecdotes would take wing, or that the sailor might come home with his argosy, and hold you demeaned by such an unworthy patient? Many years have passed, and you may be clothed now with the luxury of Spanish galleons; but if you would care to have a touching relic of the old days, my unpretending tablet is at your service.

Another memory of inopportune sickness shapes itself into a queer old barrack of a Paris hotel. It was a vast place, full of dim corridors, haunted by a lean and slippered old gentleman, who received my profuse apologies with haughty silence when I trod on his toes in the dark. He occupied the room next to mine, and proclaimed a violent cold with trumpet blasts on an aquiline nose. So far as I knew, we were the only visitors, and, as I crept past the grim and silent array of bedrooms, I felt like the calendar prince in the Arabian story, who was left alone in the enchanted palace, and had the inquisitive hardihood to mount the coal-black steed which he found in one of the chambers, and which carried him off in the air, and flicked out his eye with its bushy tail. I had to spend a good deal of time in the corridors, because the bell in my room was proof against the most vigorous tugging. Every other day a smiling youth would come with many implements, and fix a new bell-rope, which came off at the first essay of manly impatience, what time I needed breakfast or hot water. In the upper regions of the barrack, without a bell, I was as hopelessly cut off from civilisation as if I were lost in the desert, like the hero of Balzac's tale. To him there came a leopard which relieved his solitude with a strange and frightful affection, as of a huge cat, hunted for him, and brought him food in the shape of bleeding carcasses of freshly mangled beasts. I was reminded of this cheerful episode by a picture in my room of a horse torn to pieces by a lion. But there was no friendly leopard in the corridor, only the lean and slippered old gentleman, who stalked past me like an apparition in an overcoat disclosing bare legs. I followed him till we came to a landing where there was an eager and a nipping air from open windows. From the stairs above hung a cord, and, clinging to this like a mariner or a monkey, he produced a deafening roar of brass from a gong overhead, to which the concierge far below responded with an inquiring shriek.

I have often thought that in many of those silent rooms might have been found skeletons, with mouldering bell-ropes in their hands. This fancy must have been strong upon me when I woke with a start one morning to hear a heavy step in the passage. It sounded like somebody staggering under a heavy load. I opened my door, and saw a man with a huge basket full of skulls. He looked at me with a grim smile, shook his head, murmuring "*À la bonne heure*," and dropped a skull at the next door, as if it were a pair of boots! This operation was repeated all along the corridor, till there were rows of shining skulls in the dim light, some doorways having two, one smaller than the other, evidently a woman's. Suddenly every door opened, as by a given signal, and headless skeletons stooped and picked up the skulls. Then there was a commotion; the corridor was swiftly alive and white with flying bones; the man with the basket was surrounded by a mob of horrid figures, striving to adjust skulls that would not fit, and thrusting them into his perplexed face. It was the smaller skulls, I noticed, that excited the most vehement protest. Clearly, the unfortunate domestic had polished them all, and left them at the wrong doors, especially the feminine head-pieces, which were now so vociferous! I longed to intervene, and point out that he could not be expected to distinguish one skull from another with even approximate accuracy, when a kindly voice murmured in my ear, "*Mon Dieu! Monsieur is very ill!*"

It was the lean and slippered old gentleman, no longer mute and haughty, but full of sympathy for the condition of his fellow-wanderer in this Sahara. He sat on the edge of my bed with a melancholy dignity, as of a new Quixote, fresh from successful tilting at gongs, and wrapped in his shabby old coat, with its disclosure of legs. I explained to him the unreasonableness of our skeleton neighbours in making such a fuss about the mislaying of their skulls. Was it not a happy accident, conducive to the gaiety of anatomical research, that a young scone should sit upon old shoulders? He listened curiously, nodded with grave acquiescence, and then departed in quest of a doctor and cooling medicine. When I affix my memorial tablet to that hotel, I should like to find my slippered Samaritan, and decorate him too. A ribbon in his button-hole, with the device of a skull, a gong, and a pair of bare but chivalrous legs, would, I fancy, remind him pleasantly of a delirious stranger and a good deed.

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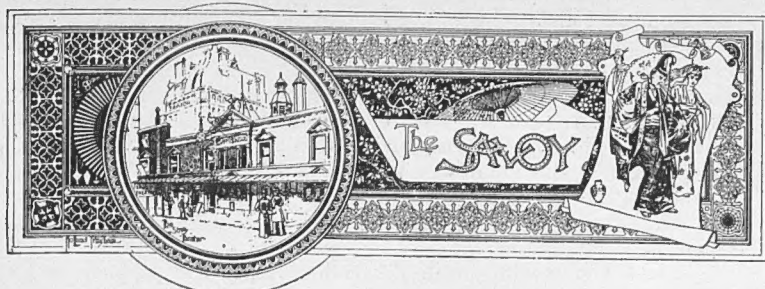
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"THE GRAND DUKE."

There really is a ground for complaint against Mr. Gilbert. In the case of the ordinary librettist, one assumes that the flats will not "join," that, if cross-examined, he would have to admit that the real reason for this and that is in the exigence of the situation. With Mr. Gilbert this has not been the case, and it has been felt that, admitting the validity of his premises, which may be called axiomatic, and not to be disputed, no one could question the deductions. In "The Grand Duke" there are inadmissible deductions. Lisa is, and Lisa is not, married to Ludwig—a violation, clearly, even of topsy-turvy, as well as Port Royal logic. Julia is alleged to be married, and also appears not to be. Moreover, no attempt is made to harmonise the law of the statutory duel with the ordinary laws against bigamy.

These may seem petty objections, mere technical flaws; but the result of them is bewilderment. I listened to every word, and, by the middle of the second act, after trying to figure out the situation with pencil and paper and use of *a, b, c*, gave it up as incomprehensible and ceased to consider the intrigue. Severe study of the book has cleared up some mysteries—not all—but, really, severe study seems out of place in comic opera. I am not pretending that the book is uninteresting or unamusing, yet certainly feel that it is irritating to those who pay the author the compliment of trying to understand his work.

If you wish to enjoy "The Grand Duke"—and you can if you will—you must simply take things as they come, must act on Mr. Gilbert's lines, "Never mind the why and wherefore," and then will find plenty of food for laughter, pleasure for the eyes, and delight for the ears. The humours of the sausage-roll seem to me school-boyish, and so, too, the suggestion that when Ludwig "succumbs to sorrow-tragic," some hardbake or a bit of butter-scotch "will act on him like magic." Moreover, one would think that a humorist of Mr. Gilbert's quality would not condescend to use the stale chestnut about the alleged lack of sense of humour in Scotsmen, or make fun out of a Jewish costumer. Imagine if you can the arch-rhymster writing—

Should he rate you, rightly—leftly,
Shut your ears and love him deafly.

This seems to me, like the MS. of the young man before he acted on Bacon's advice, "neither rhyme nor reason."

The music, it may be said, hardly clings to the ears, the melodies are somewhat elusive; probably but one number, the "Herald's Song," has

enough definite tune to get whistled. Yet, in the charming quintet, in the "Opoponax" march, and, above all, in the wonderful commentary upon the lyrics, the remarkable fitting of music to words, the fun of the measures, one feels that Sir Arthur Sullivan still holds his own. It will be suggested that the muse of Mr. Gilbert shows signs of hard work, but the musician, though his themes are not as simple and frank as in former days, seems as youthful as before. The positive musical jokes—one might, perhaps, call them puns—such as the bang at the word "slams," are few, and one hardly regrets it. It could be wished that the librettist had given opportunities for more of the love-songs that Sir Arthur has expressed



MADAME ILKA VON PÁLMAY.

so happily; but we may be grateful for the pretty music given to Lisa. The appearance of a foreigner in such a peculiar English affair as a Gilbert and Sullivan opera is somewhat startling. Madame Ilka von Pálmay easily justified the experiment. Some say she does not quite hit the Gilbert humour, assuredly she hit the house. How could beauty,

vivacity, a pleasant, pure voice, and good singing fail when used in a "fat" part—in a part rendered curiously comic by her accent when posing as the one Englishwoman on the stage. Yet I would break a lance for dainty Miss Florence Perry, clever in acting, delightful in singing; and I wish that Miss Emmie Owen had been better treated; this I may also say of Miss Brandram. Mr. Rutland Barrington was exceedingly funny, was really at his best; Mr. Walter Passmore promised more than he was allowed to perform; and Mr. Scott Russell sang very well. Mr. Scott Fishe had hardly a chance, and Mr. Jones Hewson made a hit as the Herald. The chorus sang remarkably well the charming and difficult music given to it, and contained a number of exceedingly pretty girls.

What is the general impression left by the piece? A general recollection of merry fantasies, quaint conceits, and comical ideas; of vastly amusing comic business, as in the Duke's Chamberlains—I wonder what Lord Lathom, who was present, thought of them?—or the "super"-courtiers of the Prince of Monte Carlo; of delightful music; of pretty girls in prettier dresses; and of very clever acting and admirable singing. Finally let me quote one of the best jingles in the book—

In the period Socratic every dining-room was Attic
(Which suggests an architecture of a topsy-turvy kind),
There they'd satisfy their thirst on a *recherché* cold *ápropos*,
Which is what they called their lunch—and so may you, if you're inclined.
As they gradually got on, they'd *τρέπεσθαι πρὸς τὸν πότον*
(Which is Attic for a steady and a conscientious drink).
But they mixed their wine with water—which I'm sure they didn't oughter—
And we modern Saxons know a trick worth two of that, I think!
Then came rather risky dances (under certain circumstances)
Which would shock that worthy gentleman, the Licensor of Plays,
Corybantian maniac kick—Dionysiac or Bacchic—
And the Dithyrambic revels of those undecorous days.

Confidentially to audience—

And perhaps I'd better mention,
Lest alarming you I am,
That it isn't our intention
To perform a Dithyramb—
It displays a lot of stocking,
Which is always very shocking,
And of course I'm only mocking
At the prevalence of "cram."

"SHAMUS O'BRIEN," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

It is, delightful, no doubt, to get into print and to find your stanzas handed down to posterity; but when the heat of writing and excitement of "first night" have passed, Mr. Jessop, probably, will feel sad if he re-reads his lines—

Life's a battle; we have lost it;
Reckon not how much it costed.
Death's a river; when you've crossed it
Thou shalt wait for me.

Really, without wishing to be unkind, one must say something about such fearful doggerel. It is a pity, for Mr. Jessop has written an effective, if not brilliant, book, and, with the aid of a poet, might have produced that rarity, a meritorious libretto.

However, I did not mean to speak against "Shamus O'Brien," for I really enjoyed the comic opera—it was not uninteresting as drama, and it was delightful as music; while the performance, if uneven, was, on the whole, admirable. Villiers Stanford has shown surprising skill in hitting exactly the right tone for his work—in producing the mean between mere ballad opera and grand opera. His work may please the melody-lover without offending any save the most austere of the anti-conventionalists. Of course, some will say that the numbers are too formal, but it must be remembered that what applies to works where unvocal speech is not used is irrelevant to the case of a comic opera partly sung and partly spoken.

As it is, one will have some of the songs going round the town and passing through the ordeal without being vulgarised. Such a number as "Ochone, when I used to be young," might well pass as a folk-song of rare value, so simple, strong, fascinating, and characteristic is the melody. The duet between Mike and the Captain, in the second act, is almost as charming, while the house would have liked half-a-dozen encores of the duet, "There's a cautious if."

"Shamus O'Brien" begins most happily what I hope and almost believe will be a revival of a charming form of art—one, indeed, that has never been quite dead since the Savoy has carried on the tradition; but the Savoy is, to some extent, a matter apart. Since Sir Augustus apparently has a successful venture, and now controls an excellent company, he can hardly turn back.

The four principals were excellent. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan—the "O" seems "painting the lily"—looked the part of Shamus, and sang and acted it admirably. Mr. Joseph O'Mara—the names of the company almost out-Irished the names of the *dramatis personæ*—delighted everyone by his singing. Miss Kirkby Linn, the Nora, not only used a fine voice very well, but acted with no little power. Miss Maggie Davies, in a *soubrette* part, fascinated the house by her acting and singing.

MONOCLE.

We regret to note that since the page in this issue containing a paragraph about Mr. Stewart Dawson's benefit went to press, the beneficiary has succumbed to the illness which had incapacitated him for a long time.

MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE "AT HOME."

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

In Miss Cynthia Brooke we find one of the most beautiful of women gracing the English stage, and an actress who is replete with artistic feeling and dramatic power. During an after-dinner chat with her (writes a *Sketch* representative) Miss Brooke discussed with me the



MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE AND HER DOG.

experiences of her short dramatic life, and furnished me with several interesting items relative to her entrance on the greater stage of life.

"I was born in Victoria, in the township of Warrambool, on the rocky sea-coast. Of course, I can't say that I remember the place, as on my father's (Mr. Beaufoy Merlin) death, when I was four years old, I was brought by my mother to England; however, she has graphically described my birthplace to me."

"Then we have more than ever cause to thank our Colonies," I remarked, the compliment slipping inadvertently from my lips. "But tell me something of your dramatic career?"

"Well, I always had, I think, a leaning towards the stage, even from a child. Charades always had for me a greater attraction than going early to bed. I remember that we fitted-up, as children, a representation of the 'Yellow Dwarf'; and one amusing episode was that, where we desired to represent an orange-grove, we had arranged that a basket of oranges surmounting a screen should serve the purpose. But it was a failure, for my brother omitted to hoist up the basket, consequent on his being found engaged in 'sampling' the fruit, so that there was only one left to be exhibited as a 'property.'"

At this moment "Bimbo Brooke," a brindled bull-pup, interrupted our interview with his irresistible presence.

"Well, I don't suppose you care for details of my going on the stage—anyway, it struck me as preferable to going out governessing. I was only afraid that my father's family, rather an old Lincolnshire one, might object."

"Anyhow, you went?"

"Quite so. At first I was only an understudy at the Opéra Comique in Cissy Grahame's company. It was in 'The Judge.' You remember the piece, of course, for Penley made a great hit while playing the title-rôle?"

"Certainly. But tell me when you emerged from the chrysalis state of understudy?"

"Well, I had small parts at the Adelphi in the revival of 'Green Bushes.' I appeared at first as a peasant-girl, and in the later acts as Louise, the little maiden. Then I took engagements to play in a number of farcical and light comedy parts, under Willie Edouin at the Strand, and under Charles Hawtrey at the Comedy."

"And an excellent education, too. You date your distinctive mark to Pinero's genius, however, I suppose?"

"Quite so. I am a most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Pinero's talents as a playwright—so much so, that I will take no credit to myself as an actress until I make a striking hit in an unpromising literary production. My contention is that Mr. Pinero's work is so perfectly dramatic that an actress has nothing to do but to recite her lines intelligently—for they play themselves—to establish herself as a leading actress. Take, for example, the parts of the late Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith—as I daresay you know, I personated both characters for many months in the provinces, and notably, I'm told, at the Grand at Islington; but I won't ask to be called an actress yet awhile on such performances," she replied, with a modest insistence which denoted the possession of much restrained power.

"Have you much faith in the endurance of the problem-play?" I next asked.

"Yes, so long as a Pinero exists; but, unfortunately, there are so many imitators abroad who produce only spurious and counterfeit coins. There are few indeed who can tackle morals on the stage without coarseness and vulgarity. For instance, how difficult it is to portray the immoral woman who is moral *au fond*, and the moral woman ostensibly who is radically immoral! Such studies must be drawn by the hand of a master alone."

"There seems a strong tendency towards the religious vein; perhaps it was suggested by the Mrs. Ebbsmith play?"

"Possibly, but I have no faith in dramatic work of that order, unless it has the imprint of genius, which is, of course, rarely to be met with. It is so difficult to avoid trending on the subject of religious persecution, on the delicate confines of implied blasphemy in quotations from Scripture, and on suggestions of the debaucheries attendant on paganism and other theologies. It is better to leave such matters alone. I am quite content myself to enjoy such plays as those in which Miss Winifred Emery generally accepts parts, and in which she is always the real-life woman we love and wish to know."

"Well, I suppose you will be off on tour directly?"

"Yes; I am taking a company into some of the provinces to play 'John Chetwynd's Wife,' a very clever play, written by Mr. F. C. Philips, the author of 'As in a Looking-Glass.' I am taking the part of Lucy Chetwynd, a music-hall artist. It is for the critics to say how they like



MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE.

it as a dramatic production. For myself, I may add that I am very keen on my lines, and that I have worked under no more genial and accommodating playwright than the author."

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is in excellent health. She has had the Duke of Saxe-Coburg at Windsor, and she receives good news of Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty's carriage and groom and her favourite donkey have arrived at Nice. She met the Privy Council on Friday.

Lord Rosebery is to be entertained at the National Liberal Club to-morrow—Lord Carrington presiding.

The Earl and Countess of Leven and Melville, the Earl of Portarlington, and Sir John and Lady Heathcote-Amory have been staying at the Hotel Albemarle.

For the first time in history, a Princess of the House of France is betrothed to a simple noble. Princess Marguerite d'Orléans, the one-time bride-elect of her cousin, the Duc d'Orléans, has just become engaged to Patrick MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, the eldest son of the late Marshal, and himself a distinguished soldier, well known for his ardently Royalist and Ultramontane sympathies. The match, which really seems to be a *mariage d'amour*, was arranged at Biarritz, where the Princess and her mother, the Duchesse de Chartres, were taking the waters. There for the first time the two young people met, and the soldier Duke, just returned from the Madagascar Expedition, found himself constantly meeting the Princess, who is very handsome, and who strongly resembles her cousin Hélène, Duchesse d'Aosta. The engagement was kept secret till the return of Prince Henri, the *fiancée's* brother, from India. The wedding will take place in Paris, or at Chantilly, the residence of the bride's uncle, soon after Easter. The Duc de Chartres' eldest daughter is married to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and a considerable number of European royalties will, it is expected, attend Princess Marguerite's marriage. By the way, Prince Henri d'Orléans, whose tour in the Orient I noted the other day, contributes some interesting details of his wanderings in the current number of the *Geographical Journal*.

I see that Madame Novikoff, with whom an interview appears in another part of the present issue, contributes an interesting chapter of her Recollections to the March *Nouvelle Revue*, proving that she can write as admirably in French as she can in English. Madame Adam, in a few well-chosen words, introduces "O. K." to her French readers, and reminds them of a fact known, I fancy, to but few of the Russian lady's English admirers, namely, that her eldest brother, General Kiréeff, was aide-de-camp and intimate friend to the late Grand Duke Constantine. Madame Novikoff gives an interesting account of a dinner at Holland House, where she met, for the first time, both Lord Houghton and

Kinglake, the historian—the latter destined later to become one of the writer's best and most faithful friends. "O. K." also tells the story of her first meeting with Mr. Gladstone; and of Professor Tyndall she gives a really delightful account, and she mentions a curious fact which will, I fancy, astonish many of those who knew the great scientist best, namely, that he could recite almost the whole of Byron by heart.

Another French review, *La Revue de Paris*, boasts of a distinguished foreign contributor this month. Mr. Sidney Webb, presented to his French readers as "one of the most gifted and remarkable men of the day," gives a lengthy account of the Fabian Society. From it I learn that the society boasts some six hundred members, "mostly belonging to the middle class," and including "one or two squires, a certain number of clergymen and Nonconformist ministers, and a few of the more-educated Trade Unionists." Also that the greater number of members are over forty years of age, and that they are engaged in literary, scientific, and artistic work, being "the intellectual proletariat of England." Mr. Sidney Webb quotes among the leading lights Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whom he declares to be—note the fine distinction between the adjectives—"a good musical critic, a good novelist, an excellent economist, and a brilliant orator." Grant Allen is set down "a known biologist and celebrated novelist." In the same number "Gyp" begins a new serial entitled "Bijou," which promises to be a study of French girlhood such as Madame de Martel in her more serious moments can paint so truly and so pleasantly.

The Riviera, especially that portion of it lying between Cannes and Mentone, bids fair to become in time the "Hub of the Universe." What with her Majesty at Cimiez, the Empress Eugénie at the Cap

St. Martin, the Czarewitch at La Turbie, close to the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the land where the orange-flower blooms will long have cause to remember the winter of 1895-6. Monte Carlo is fuller than ever, and the sojourn of the Prince and Princesse de Monaco at the Château gives some excuse for the presence at Charley's Mount of so many smart notabilities. On each Sunday the great terrace in front of the Casino reminds one of Hyde Park in the height of the season; but the sky is bluer, the air purer, the gowns more daring, and the social conventions less apparent than is ever the case at "Church Parade." The Bay of Hercules, loveliest and most sheltered of harbours, is filled with steam-yachts and sailing craft. Nice is specially full of Americans, and active preparations are being made for the mid-Lent festivities. Even Mentone seems, at last, to have recovered from the earthquake scare, and the quaint little town is filled with Bonapartists, who make frequent pilgrimages to the Empress Eugénie's lovely Mediterranean home. Mars' sketches on another page depict some characteristic scenes.



MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE.

Photo by Frank Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

Mr. Herbert Vivian is nothing if not lively—just think of the *Whirlwind*—and in his new penny weekly, *Give and Take*, he has plenty of opportunity of showing the journalistic stuff he is made of. He has made a “hit” with his coupon system, which entitles each purchaser of a paper to a discount of a penny in the shilling from a selected set of tradesmen. I hope Mr. Vivian’s paper has come to stay.

An application was made on Thursday last in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, by Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., on behalf of Messrs. Hinde, Limited, the manufacturers of the well-known hair-curlers, for an injunction to restrain the proprietor of a drapery store in West Kensington from passing off foreign-made articles and representing them as Hinde’s Hair-Curlers. A lady nurse, who resides in West Kensington, testified to having been induced by the misrepresentation of the shop-assistant to buy the spurious articles, and Mr. Justice Chitty granted a perpetual injunction against the defendant, with costs.

Miss Olive Marston, who is a member of Mr. Horace Lingard’s well-known opera company, is quite a veteran in her way, for she made her début at the age of seven in “My Sweetheart,” at the Strand. After that she was engaged in “Hans the Boatman,” at Terry’s, and after being with Sidney Cooper’s pantomime company for a time, about three



MISS OLIVE MARSTON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

years ago joined Mr. Lingard, with whom she has played first and second parts in “The Old Guard,” “Pepita,” “Falka,” and “Brother Pelican.” She is a vivacious but graceful dancer, and possesses a fine mezzo-soprano voice.

Here is the latest Kipling *mot*. The rugged Rudyard wrote a story for the *Ladies’ Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. One chapter ended, “He tossed off a glass of old Madeira and left the room.” Mr. Bok, the editor, wired Mr. Kipling, “Forbidden to mention wine in paper. Please change to something else.” Kipling wired back, “Try Mellin’s Food.”

I have read the Memoirs of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny with much interest. The author has seemingly engaged in sport from his childhood, and he certainly has not spent a lazy life. Sir Claude has dabbled a lot in little Hunt meetings, and it is, therefore, not surprising to learn that he prefers riding in steeplechases to flat-races. He seems to have found pleasure in riding strange horses, not knowing whether they could jump or not, and owns to having on many occasions ridden for a fall. This is all right for a young man under twenty, but we hardly expect a gentleman verging on fifty years of age to be so venturesome, and it is to be hoped Sir Claude will not carry the pitcher to the well once too often. It should be added that Sir Claude keeps himself in perfect condition, and owing to this, no doubt, recovers from severe accidents in a very short space of time.

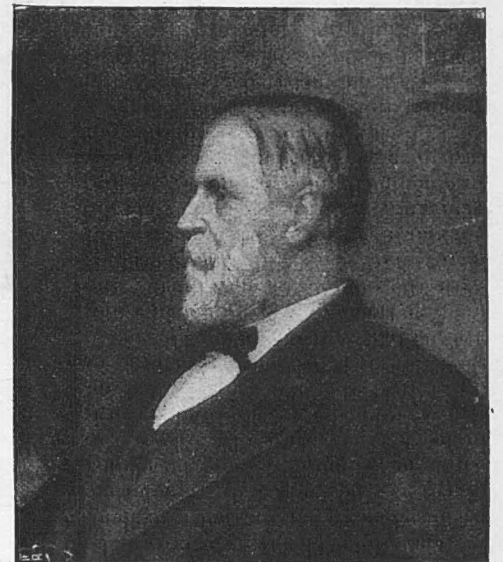
It is somewhat remarkable that Sir Claude de Crespigny, who has given us a sporting-book, has been both a soldier and a sailor, while another sporting author, Sir George Chetwynd, was educated both at Eton and Harrow. With so many amateur writers on sport, it is difficult to say who has turned out the best work. I certainly think Harry Custance’s book taught us the most about horses and racing. Then the two volumes issued by Sir George Chetwynd were full of facts of interest to all followers of the Sport of Kings. The late Sir John Astley’s *Reminiscences* and the *Memoirs* of Sir Claude de Crespigny deal more particularly with personal incidents, many of them highly entertaining.

Mr. Le Gallienne has been little heard of for some time, but I note that he is editing, for Mr. John Lane, “The Compleat Angler,” which is to be issued in twelve shilling parts, the first appearing next month. Mr. Edmund H. New contributes nearly two hundred drawings, principally of a topographical character, a task on which he has been engaged for many months. The book will also be enriched with portraits of the authors and others mentioned in the text, decorated initials, and headings; also with some of the flowers which Walton loved. Mr. New will also supply drawings of the principal fish mentioned, and maps of the country described. The notes will deal mainly with matters of biographical and historic interest, and modern spelling will be used throughout. Hi Regan, author of “When and How to Fish in Ireland,” will supply an Angler’s Calendar with each part. Although over a hundred editions of “The Compleat Angler” have appeared, it has never yet been published serially, nor illustrated from the topographical point of view.



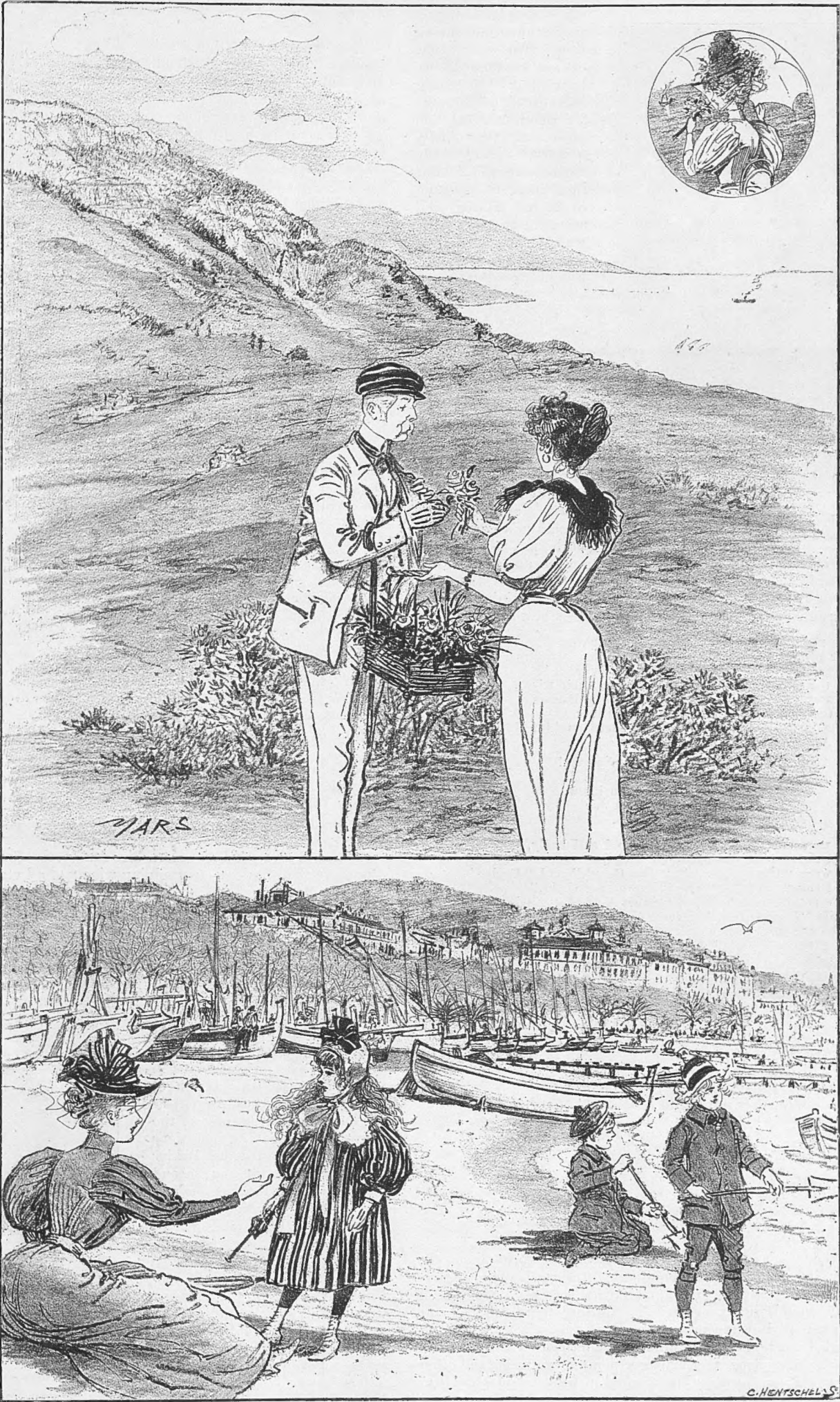
It is an extraordinary thing, but one by no means difficult to understand, that the walls of a Connecticut jail confine one of the best Shaksperian scholars in America. I refer to a man named John H. Davis, now serving a life-sentence, who, since he heard a lecture on Shakspeare delivered in the prison in 1883, has spent all his spare time in conning and re-conning the bard’s works, and other books relating to the subject. As a result of all this, Davis has become a really accomplished Shaksperian scholar, can recite whole scenes from any point taken at random, and is even visited in jail by students of Yale desirous of clearing up any knotty point.

Mr. William Carruthers, F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., has played a very solid part in the advancement of the science of botany in this country during the last thirty years, and thoroughly deserved the compliment paid him the other day of having his portrait, painted by Mr. P. A. Hay, added to the unique collection of the Linnaean Society. He comes of the Inverness Carruthers’, and was born at Moffat in 1830. After some years of study at Edinburgh University, where his enthusiasm for botany found free scope and encouragement, he came to London, and joined the staff of the British Museum when the Botanical Department was cribbed up in a small corner of the Bloomsbury establishment. But with the removal of the Natural History Department to South Kensington, Mr. Carruthers, as keeper of the botanical collection, found full scope for his great faculty of organisation. Working away quietly and steadily, he built up in the galleries in Cromwell Road a library, a herbarium, and an unrivalled representative collection of botanical products which have been of immense use to both the amateur and the expert. Such work must have absorbed much of his time, yet he has also found leisure to add largely to our knowledge of those plants that have formed the great coal-beds. As adviser to the Royal Agricultural Society, he has had much to do with the diseases to which plants are subject. He has taken a very active part in the affairs of many of the London scientific societies. He was elected President of the Linnaean Society for a period of years, and piloted it safely through times beset with many difficulties. It is more especially for this service that his fellow-scientists have done him the great honour of hanging his portrait alongside those of Linnaeus, Hooker, and other great botanists of more than European fame.



MR. WILLIAM CARRUTHERS.

From the Portrait painted by P. A. Hay for the Linnaean Society.



ON THE RIVIERA.

I looked in at one of the concluding performances of "The Mikado," at the Savoy, and must confess to astonishment that the most delightful English opera of our time should even now be taken off. The house was crowded, and the audience wildly enthusiastic. Ten years have,

apparently, had their effect upon Mr. Gilbert's antipathies, and among those who will "none of 'em be missed" we have the "scorching bicyclist" and the "critic-dramatist," in place of the "lady novelist" and the "piano-organist." But these must be admitted to be but trifling variations in the ten years which have elapsed since "The Mikado" was first produced.

I wonder if the actor often keeps in his mind how happy he can make his fellow man. Rarely has a player had such an audience as when Mr. Arthur Roberts gathered the London cabbies round him on March 2, the anniversary of Messrs. Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter's excellent burlesque, "Gentleman



CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD AND MR. W. SLAUGHTER.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Joe," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, for the piece appealed to the house as few plays can possibly do. The leading cabbies of the town were there, notably "Sweet Apple Joe." It was a great sight, and can most fitly be chronicled in the manner of one of Joe's best songs—

I have never seen delighted human natur',
Nor people so excited in their lives,
As when Arthur kindly opened his theayter
To the cabbies and their babbies and their wives.
There were antiquated drivers, there were dandies
In the crinolined pearl-buttoned drab;
But the jarvis young and old with their laughter simply rolled
At Arthur on his 'ansom cab.

On his 'ansom! On his 'ansom!
Our Arthur's an inimitable dab.
And they recognised, you know,
Quite the best of pals in Joe
A-drivin' of his 'ansom cab.

There were cabbies weather-beaten, red and burly,
And many were magnificently tiled;
There were "Funny No. 1," "The Count," and "Curly,"
And George who is "The image of the Child."
There was "George the Joy," "Sweet Apple," "Little Short Legs,"
While "George the Bouncer" came from Camberwell;
And their dotting women folk seemed to relish every joke,
No gagging ever failed to tell.

On his 'ansom! On his 'ansom!
He told them what they never dared to blab;
And he made them all guffaw
By recounting what he saw
When driving of his 'ansom cab.

Between the acts, by way of variation,
A banquet was provided fresh and free,
When everybody swallowed a libation
Of Messrs. Lyons' coffee or their tea.
Oh, the cabby never revelled in a beano
So absolutely suited to his taste,
For Arthur is a whip who can crack as quaint a quip
As any that the badge has graced.

On his 'ansom! On his 'ansom!
He rarely will allow himself to blab,
But he says that Mr. Joe
Is the best of pals who go
A-drivin' of an 'ansom cab.

Once again there is a discussion in the theatrical world about the advisability of taxing deadheads and handing the proceeds over to some theatrical fund. It is urged that a man who receives a couple of half-guinea stalls would gladly subscribe a shilling to the charity, the proposal being a tax of sixpence per seat. I am very much opposed to the idea, although I am told that certain American theatres have adopted the system. In the first place, as a manager pointed out to me the other day, no theatre would care to make the number of passes issued a matter of common knowledge, and this state of things would come about. Then, again, certain free seats are sometimes disposed of to people from whom the management would not care to exact the sixpence. Moreover, as I have stated before in these columns, theatres are not philanthropic institutions, but commercial undertakings, and managers would not willingly go to the trouble and expense of taxing their friends and non-paying supporters, at a risk of giving offence, and with no

possibility of profit to themselves. A big difficulty would arise in the collection of sixpences, the book-keepers would have a lot of extra work, and, in the end, the fund would not benefit to any appreciable extent, because expenses of collecting would have to be deducted from the aggregate sum. The difficulty of doing the thing well is, in this instance, a sufficient reason for leaving it alone.

My experience of theatres has led me to classify plays under three heads. First, pieces one should pay to see. These include intellectual and soulful pieces, all of which I avoid. Secondly, pieces one should see for nothing. Such are burlesques and comic operas of the best sort, and a very few drawing-room comedies and romantic dramas. Thirdly, pieces one should be paid to see. Under this heading come the slack-baked efforts of small shrieking societies, adaptations from the French, *matinée* productions, decadent and realistic plays. Opera and ballet are too sacred for classification with mere plays. If all people followed my division, and acted on the hints contained there, we should hear much less of deadheads, and taxes, and managers. For the deadhead I have always had a kind word. To him the management often owes the privilege of putting up the "House Full" boards: he sustains many a bad play, and gives it an air of prosperity lasting until it is improved or abolished. In trying times, when the reputation of a big house is at stake, he comes to the rescue, and people say that, although Mr. Blank had to withdraw the piece from T. R. Hayceum, there was always a good attendance. If people see a well-filled house, they recommend their friends to go; an empty house discourages them. A cheap piece will run well to a house half money, half paper; but should the paper element go on strike, the paying public would follow suit. Why then abuse or tax the deadhead?

I am indeed rejoiced to read the announcement concerning the German Reed Entertainment made on behalf of the present sole proprietor, Mr. Joseph Williams, whose *nom de guerre* as a musical composer is Florian Pascal. After all, it appears, the long-famous Entertainment has been merely in a state of suspended animation, and Mr. Joseph Williams intends to start it again "at a later date." So much the better.

The long-talked-of opera on the subject of "The Scarlet Letter," with music by the well-known orchestral conductor, Walter Damrosch, and with libretto by George Parsons Lathrop, has been successfully produced in Boston. Mr. Lathrop doubts whether, in the whole course of his three acts, he has adapted more than two dozen sentences from Hawthorne's famous romance, and he wishes his text to be considered as an original dramatic poem on the old theme. I fear *nous autres Anglais* shall have small chance of witnessing this interesting opera, the production of which is certainly an event of some importance in the history of American music.

"True Blue," the naval melodrama which is to be produced at the Olympic to-morrow evening, could hardly come at a more appropriate time. Whatever its faults may be, technical blunders can hardly be supposed to have been committed when it is remembered that one of the authors, Lieutenant Stuart Gordon, is an ex-officer of the Navy. He is a cadet of a very old Aberdeenshire family, the Gordons of Wardhouse, who have the privilege of supplying wine "to all eternity" to the royal family of Spain, with which country they have been intimately associated for many years. His father, General C. E. P. Gordon, a veteran of eighty-two, is honorary colonel of the Gordon Highlanders. Lieutenant Gordon joined the Navy a quarter of a century ago, being nominated by Mr. Goschen. He was aide-de-camp to Lord Napier of Magdala at the "Installation of the Star of India." Later on he assisted in suppressing the insurrection at Singapore. He was present at the forcing of the passage of the Dardanelles and at the operations there and at Besika and Baklar Bays, and also at the second passage of the Dardanelles and the defence of the Gallipoli Peninsula. His next active service was in the Egyptian campaign, then in diplomatic service in the Persian Gulf and Euphrates River in the suppression of the slave-trade, and he was personally engaged in the largest captures known for many years. Seven years ago he was unfortunately invalided from the Navy. Besides this, he entered the service of the Royal Niger Constabulary, and, as Acting-Commandant of that force, went up both the Niger and Beune rivers, and was also stationed at Brass, where he gained the knowledge of the natives which is utilised in the second act of "True Blue." After that he was engaged as civil engineer and pioneer by the Imperial British East Africa Company, and in that capacity surveyed for the first telegraph-wire in East Africa, from Melinda to Mombasa.



LIEUTENANT GORDON.

Photo by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.

Mr. John Hare has charmed all cultivated Americans with "A Pair of Spectacles." Happily he has Mr. Charles Groves with him, while that excellent actress Miss May Harvey takes Miss Kate Rorke's part.

In the current number of the *Windsor Magazine*, which, under the guidance of Mr. David Williamson, keeps up a high standard of interest, the question of musical pitch is discussed by many prominent singers. They are practically unanimous in desiring that the Continental pitch should be used in England; and when I recollect how the great musicians have worked to this end, it seems astonishing that nothing has been done. In the full pride of his career, Sims Reeves threw up a five-hundred-guinea engagement to sing at a Crystal Palace Festival because Sir Michael Costa used the English pitch. Curiously enough, when I went to say good-bye to the veteran tenor, before he left London for his provincial tour at Christmas-time, he reverted to the same question. Almost his last words to me were, "Don't forget, when you are writing about music, to continue working for the Continental pitch. I've worked

play and book, involving four scenes and the representation of eight characters, in the splendid hall at Warwick Castle. It is just ten years ago that Mr. Chillingham Hunt took the book of the moment—"Called Back"—as the foundation for his clever reciting, and "Trilby" is likely to be as popular. There were about three hundred guests present at Warwick Castle, and they were pleasantly enthusiastic.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the German Empire was celebrated at Brisbane in great style, the thermometer ranging over ninety degrees in the shade—strange contrast to the scene at Versailles of twenty-five years ago, when William I. was chosen Emperor! Round Brisbane the German colonists are numerous, and have a handsome building, the Turn Halle, for the celebration of their festivities. From each tower, and from every available point of the building, the black, white, and red flag of United Germany streamed on the breeze, with the Union Jack of England in a place of honour. Strings of flags were fastened from tree to tree in the extensive grounds.



MR. JOHN HARE IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."

"With a good wife, a good son, and a good breakfast, what can a man want more?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

all my life in that direction. I've preached and I've practised, and those who have the interests of English music at heart must do the same. I've been abused over and over again, but I keep on. The English pitch is absolutely bad for the voice; it is only a question of money to alter it, and the money will be forthcoming as soon as the convictions of people are aroused." In everything but mere years Mr. Sims Reeves is still a young man, and I can imagine how pleased he will be to see the matter in which he is so interested, and for which he has done so much, brought again into public notice.

Here are one or two items of musical gossip. Signor Piatti, who has recently passed his seventy-fourth birthday, has not been very well, and his place at the "Monday Pops" was temporarily filled by Mr. Charles Ould. Madame Antoinette Sterling is still in the United States; her tour came, unfortunately, at the time of great political excitement, which is always injurious to concerts. Mr. Edward Lloyd has been singing better than ever since his slight indisposition.

"Trilby" has reached the reciter's repertoire. Quite recently, Mr. Chillingham Hunt has been giving a selection from Mr. Du Maurier's

Arbours, also gay with bunting, formed adjuncts to the bar within the building, for the dispensation of the "Lager" and "München" beer dear to the Teutonic palate. At one end of the grounds a platform had been erected, surrounded by a substantial wall of eucalyptus branches and canopied with flags of all nations, from beneath which looked down, in effigy, the heroes who had helped to found the Empire. Here a choir of some forty voices, their owners wearing scarves of the black, white, and red, sang the inspiring national airs of the Fatherland. The Hon. J. C. Heussler, German Consul, who presided, alluded to Queensland as a second Fatherland. Then the pastor, a man of great stature, and with hair like a lion's mane, harangued the audience on the glories of the Franco-Prussian War, alternately kindling them to wild enthusiasm and plunging them in the depths of pathos. Four long hours the speeches lasted, and they were followed by an *al fresco* concert, at which the dulcet strains of Strauss's waltzes were succeeded by "Die Wacht am Rhein." In the great ball-room, which was gaily decorated, dozens of couples were dancing as only Germans can—old women, whose waists had long since ceased to be measured by inches, tripping it as lightly as their granddaughters, and grey-bearded men dancing with as much vigour and abandon as the youngest there.

The bicycle made for two of which Miss Katie Lawrence used to sing in the halls was mythical, I suppose; but Miss Billie Barlow rides a real bicycle. It is a beautiful machine of American make, entirely nickel-plated, and weighs only twenty-one pounds. May we expect to find her on the Tivoli stage with it some day?



MISS BILLIE BARLOW.
Photo by Rosemount, Leeds.

Among the very excellent contents of *Natural Science* for this month there are some articles of quite special interest. Professor Jeffrey Parker writes upon Huxley, from a disciple's point of view; Mr. Ridley, of Singapore Botanical Gardens, contributes an article upon the dispersal of seeds by birds; while a paper by Mr. E. Cuthbert Atkinson, giving a description of his rowing-indicator and diagrams obtained by it, will certainly appeal to athletes and physiologists. The indicator may be briefly defined as an instrument for measuring the amount of energy exerted by an oarsman in propelling a boat through water. The instrument replaces the back throwl of the rowlock, so that, when the oar is pulled, a spring is pushed back and registers upon a metallic surface, in the

form of a diagrammatic wave, the force expended upon each stroke. The diagrammatic curve of a freshman is irregular and unequal, that of one of the 'Varsity crew is steady and symmetrical. The results got are extremely interesting, and Mr. Atkinson promises to pursue the subject further.

Cricketers will look forward with pleasure to the approaching visit of the "Cornstalks." I have often heard "county" men grumbling about the damage caused to their programme by Australian fixtures, but I don't believe what they say for a moment. Speaking as an enthusiastic amateur, who has seen the very best representatives of England and the Colonies, I venture to affirm that a visit from the Australians is absolutely necessary to keep English cricket from stagnation. Nowadays, our leading cricketers know nearly every style that will be brought against them by opposing counties; they understand the manoeuvres of batsmen and bowlers alike. For the first few weeks of an Australian visit they have to play harder and more carefully than they do at any other time. Men like Spofforth, Ferris, and Turner have, in their day, done a lot of good to English batting, just as Murdoch and Giffen have taught English bowlers to be ever on the alert. In these times of billiard-table wickets and easy boundaries, cricket is apt to become monotonous, and even the men who live by playing will give a dull exhibition for the sake of average-making. Australia is our only formidable rival on the cricket-field, and, in the best interests of the game, it is to be hoped that visits from the leading representatives of the Colonies will never be allowed to lapse. I always think that, when England meets Australia in friendly strife, the thoughts are more on the game than on the averages.

I have read with great interest the lecture on national biography which Mr. Sidney Lee recently read before the Royal Institution, and which is printed in the current *Cornhill*. Mr.

Lee declares that at the present moment there are in the county of London about six hundred adult persons qualifying for admission to a complete register of national biography, and of these about twenty should be women. He admits, however, that women will not have much claim on the attention of the national biographer for a very long time to come.



A FRENCH LADY BICYCLIST.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Why do a number of journalists—men or women—want to hear a prosy parson who is also a pedagogue lecture them upon their profession? As I noticed Sir George Newnes, Mr. H. W. Massingham of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Sidney Low of the *St. James's Gazette*, among the audience at Dr. Welldon's lecture before the Society of Women Journalists, I suppose there was some edification not revealed to my dull mind. Or was it the women journalists that attracted? How this should be, with the usual experience of women journalists before them, passeth understanding. Do they not invade our offices, where men would be content to write, waste quite inordinately the time of the staff, and occasionally add to editorial tribulations by copious weeping? But such things do not happen in Whitefriars Street, it would seem.

Do you know that Pope anticipated this journal, and foresaw its success? In his Epistle to Mr. Jervas, with Dryden's translation of Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," he wrote, a hundred and eighty years ago—

Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch or in the picture glow.

The New Zealand tennis championship has just been won by an English girl, Miss Katie Nunneley, who was born at Market Harborough, Leicestershire, in 1872. She early displayed great aptitude for tennis, winning prizes at several local tournaments when only fifteen. Her education in Germany then prevented her practising tennis for two or three years, but on her return in 1891 she won the Ladies' Single Handicap at Brighton, and carried off no less than five prizes at the big South of England tournament at Eastbourne. In 1892 she was successful at Liverpool, Leicester, at Nottingham, Northampton, and several other places, and in 1893 took the open singles at Nottingham, and carried all before her at Blackheath and Beckenham. In 1894, shortly before starting for New Zealand, she won both the open and handicap singles at Nottingham, beating Miss Jackson (6-0 and 6-1), and vanquishing Mrs. Hillyard, the champion (who granted her a small concession), in the handicap. The Colonial papers are enthusiastic over Miss Nunneley's play and style, and say she is by far the best player ever seen in the Colony. Miss Nunneley is a slight, pretty, fair girl, whose rather delicate physique hardly prepares one for the energy and dashing style of her play.

Apropos of the disappearance of Toole's Theatre, one is reminded that, since the mid-century, there has been also a substantial diminution in the quota of Metropolitan "Temples of Thespis."

Many of these had famous historic associations, and others, *per contra*, never did more than drag out a mean and sordid existence. Without distinguishing between the sheep and the goats, or making any attempt at observing chronological order, I have jotted down a brief list of these "extinct volcanoes." I never pass along Tottenham Street without shuddering at the woefully dilapidated appearance now presented by the dear little old Prince of Wales's, once the spick-and-span "bandbox" theatre; and I have old associations, not quite so sentimental, perhaps, with the Queen's, at the corner of Long Acre, which had a very chequered career indeed; with the Holborn, afterwards the Duke's, long since swept away to make room for a large hotel; and with the near-adjacent Connaught, which has latterly served as horse-repository and as the venue for glove-fights.

Only quite recently have we seen the "passing" of that beautiful opera-house Her Majesty's. Astley's has gone, like the old Coburg (afterwards the Victoria); the Garrick in Goodman's Fields, the East London, the City Theatre in Norton Folgate, and the Park, Camden Town. To my list, which does not pretend to be exhaustive, I must add the Bower Saloon in Lambeth, at which house, a popular one in its time, Mr. James Fernandez (one of the latest recruits from the regular boards to the variety stage) made some of his earliest London appearances. The transformation of Prince's Hall into a creature-comfort providing establishment starts me in a new train of thought on parallel lines; but that is another story.

A New York Senator recently gave a ball, at which he offered a diamond necklace to the maiden who owned a pair of "Trilby feet." The trophy fell to a young work-girl called Mammie Scanlan. And now "Trilby" Scanlan, as she has since been called, has got married. The bridegroom, however, is not at all like Baby Billee. He is described as a fine, stalwart, rosy-cheeked young fellow.



THE NEW ZEALAND TENNIS CHAMPION.
Photo by Speight, Market Harborough.

The Globe Theatre was crowded on Tuesday last week at the benefit performance given to that excellent actor, Mr. Stewart Dawson, whom illness has incapacitated. His father was M.P. for South Leicestershire, while on his mother's side he claims to be a descendant of Robert the Bruce. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he crossed the Bar and landed on the stage in 1887, touring, at first, in Mr. Gilbert's comedies. He made his first London appearance in 1880, with the Bancrofts, and during the next nine years did an enormous amount of sterling work under several managers in town. Since 1889 he has confined himself mostly to the provinces, though during the summer of 1893 he appeared a few times in London in some unfortunate pieces. Mr. Dawson married Miss Nellie Phillips, the youngest sister of Miss Kate Phillips, who, by the way, appears in "True Blue" to-morrow. It is not, therefore, surprising that, inheriting stage proclivities on both sides, his little boy should have made such a hit as he has done in "A Woman's Reason," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The matinee realised the substantial sum of £600.

And then something must be done for Miss Kate Vaughan, who is ill. That this once popular member of the old Gaiety Terry-Royce-Farren-Vaughan quartet had become little more than a name to century-end playgoers was shown pretty plainly when she appeared in a recent musical piece—"King Kodak," I fancy—the performance of the famous and graceful exponent of petticoat-dancing and Hollingsheadian burlesque being then compared adversely with those of more "modern" colleagues. Miss Vaughan had in recent years done very creditable work as comédienne in standard plays, her Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces" being quite good, and noticeable also being her Drusilla Ives in "The Dancing-Girl," with which play she toured for some time. I

don't profess to remember Miss Kate Vaughan when she used to appear in sketches, together with her clever sister, Miss Susie Vaughan, under the management of the late Walter Maynard (Willert Beale), but she has surely great claims upon the affections of amusement-seekers, whom she has delighted in their thousands.

Miss Lily Hall Caine was married on Thursday at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Mr. George D. Day, who, like herself, is very much interested in the theatre. She owes her introduction to the stage, which took place three years ago, to her brother the novelist's acquaintance with Mr. Wilson Barrett, and she walked on in "Claudian." Then she got a part in "The Ben-my-Chree," the adaptation of "The Deemster." The part was originally three lines, but for his sister's sake Mr. Hall Caine added two more. She afterwards toured in the piece with Mr. Charles Dornon, with whom she also played in "The Middleman." Her most notable work, however, has been done for the Independent Theatre. She took part in "Ghosts" and in "The Duchess of Malfi." As Thekla in "A Question of Memory," by Michael Field, she made the best of her opportunities, and she was also one of those who most contributed to the success of Dr. Todhunter's play, "The Black Cat." Like her brother the novelist, she has never been afraid of exertion, and, after much admirable work of an "Independent" kind, proved her versatility by her excellent acting in "The Cotton King," most sensational of Adelphi melodramas. In the provinces she has been recently playing in "The Home Secretary" and "The Masqueraders." Miss

Hall Caine, who is considerably younger than the author of "The Manxman"—whom, by the way, the *Stage* makes her father—spent her early life in Liverpool. She was still a little girl when her brother



MASTER STEWART DAWSON.
Photo by Frank Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.



MISS KATE VAUGHAN.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS HALL CAINE.
Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

became intimate with Dante Gabriel Rossetti; and she once wrote, under the title, if I recollect aright, "A Child's Memories of Rossetti," some touching recollections of the latter's last illness and death. The bridegroom has been associated with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones for several years. He has written several little pieces for the stage, notably "Fairly Caught" and "A Near Shave"; and two other plays, "The Diamond Rush" and "The Mummy," are likely to be seen in town at an early date. The wedding presents included gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Pinero, while Miss Braddon sent a set of her own works, in a special binding.

The past week has brought in its train a funny story of the almost publishable genus. As is inevitable in such cases, care must be taken to keep from saying anything to offend the parties concerned. The tale relates to a man not unknown in the theatrical and journalistic world, who is "fond of a glass or two," to quote the music-hall poet. He observed, with little satisfaction, that some of Dr. Jameson's men were getting blind at the expense of the utter stranger, so he went to a costumer, who shall be nameless, and was made up and costumed as a genuine South African policeman. Starting out one evening at about eight o'clock, he proceeded to Marble Halls and other temples of liquid nourishment. It was a time of universal enthusiasm; he was treated with lavish generosity. He went in all to four places, and drank a varied assortment of spirits and wines so freely that, when he was finally compelled to leave the last house of call, half an hour after midnight, the celebrated pig of King David had a distinct advantage over him in the matter of sobriety. He was not quite alone, for one friend who was in the secret had been with him all the evening, and afterwards told the tale. The pseudo-African, after vainly trying to walk straight, went into the arms of a policeman, who seized him with no gentle hand, and tore a button off his overcoat. This accident revealed the costume. "Bless me," said the man in blue, "one of 'Dr. Jim's' men!" The friend then hurried up from the background. "Yes, policeman; I recognise him, poor fellow, he had a stroke in Bechuanaland." The Law's representative called a cab, helped the speechless one in, and the friend followed. On the following day, when the hero was able to walk to his club, he received ten pounds, for the entire proceeding was the result of a wager with one of the pencilling fraternity.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes appears to be a sort of Jonah. The *Moor*, on which he arrived, was delayed by a broken shaft; the *Kanzler*, on which he returned, stuck in the Canal, and thus delayed the delivery of the Indian mail in London by four days. By the way, a friend of mine, who was on board the *Caledonia*, which immediately followed the

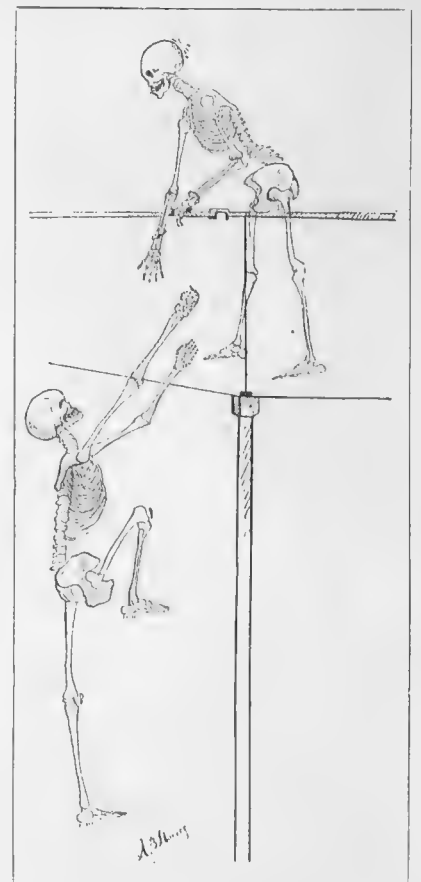
Kanzler, tells me that they lent a bran-new lawser to the tug that was trying to get that vessel free, with the result that a portion of the *Kanzler* was pulled off, but nothing more. This delay in the delivery of the Indian mail, which inflicted a good deal of inconvenience on business-houses in London (the mail of Feb. 28 departing before the delivery of the letters that should have arrived on Feb. 23), is a most exceptional occurrence. The P. & O., which is the second oldest steam-packet service in existence, has a magnificent record for punctuality. During five years it has only on some dozen occasions failed to land the mails within (and generally well within) the contract time, and on the rare occasions referred to they were

I have sometimes told you about the strange queries which people direct to this office. Last week came the strangest of all. A bronzed young man, one of "Dr. Jim's" warriors, paid me a little call, bringing the photograph of himself and a young woman, his wife. He also had a page from *The Sketch*, torn and tattered, for he had brought it all the way from Buluwayo. It contained the portrait of a well-known actress, whom my visitor suspected of being none other than his spouse. The latter has disappeared from his ken, and he fondly supposed she had fluttered to the footlights. Alas for human hopes! I had to assure him that the merry mummer had been pirouetting long before my military Michael had lost his angel. He smiled gently to himself, and left me to contemplate again a workaday world.

The *Rund Magazine*, a shilling illustrated monthly published in Johannesburg, is the latest thing from Boerland. It is light and lively.

The *Bulldog* is the capital title of the latest specimen of undergraduate journalism from Oxford. It contains one article of more than academic interest—"Mr. Asquith as an Undergraduate."

The humorist, of course, is everywhere. Even the "new" photograph can't escape his touch. The accompanying sketch, for example, shows how young Robinson wished to be "taken" with his *fiancée* in the balcony scene, but the up-to-date operator Röntgened Romeo, with the result you see.



A RÖNTGEN ROMEO.

"Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Very different from the glorification of the Kaiser which I have noticed as having taken place at Brisbane is that of the Outlanders in Johannesburg, for the "proclamation" would not put Wilhelm in the best of humours, though his action in the Transvaal was distinctly provocative.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

No barrister of our times has so completely caught the public eye as he who, under the title of Lord Russell of Killowen, is the first of the non-political judges in the land. For it must be borne in mind that the Lord Chancellor, though head of our judicial system, unlike "the Chief," is representative of a political party, and dependent for tenure of the great office on its fortunes. It is in the tradition of the office of Lord Chief Justice that its occupant should have great personal dignity and be an orator—perhaps, one should say more nicely, a speaker with a rhetorical style. Without comparing the present Chief with, say, Cockburn or Coleridge, it may be said that he fulfils the traditions.

To give a skeleton of his career, it may be mentioned that he was born in 1833, married at the age of twenty-five, and began his life-work by becoming a solicitor. A year after his marriage he was called to the Bar, being a Lincoln's Inn man. In 1872 he took Silk. At the age of fifty-three he became Attorney-General and was knighted. In 1894, during the autumn, he was promoted to his present splendid post.

Little can such a bare record tell of the life of prodigious storm and stress through which the great advocate has gone—for, undoubtedly, greatness was his. He combined immense ability as cross-examiner—one might say fearful ability—with wonderful power and persuasiveness in speech, and to them was added a surprising strategical skill in legal tactics, notoriously displayed in many cases, such as that of "Scott v. Sampson." It is probably no exaggeration to say that his proportion of successes in jury cases was unparalleled, and, since his Lordship has always been a "horsey" man, he may be called the "Archer" of the Bar.

One cannot help wondering how the tranquil, not to say somniferous, dignity of the Bench feels to the man who has led such a stormy life, and whether his Irish blood does not make him feel spoiling for a fight. As a judge, Lord Russell is a success, showing a greater knowledge of law than was expected, and getting through work rapidly and effectively. He belongs to the order of strong judges, but, unfortunately, while adopting the *fortiter in re*, he somewhat neglects the *suaviter in modo*, and the ordinary junior is about as unhappy at appearing before him as in old days at appearing with him. However, it is but just to add that in him the English Bench maintains its lofty traditions.

TRANSLATION.

PROCLAMATION.

WILHELM, by the Grace of God,
German Emperor, King of Prussia, King of Transvaal,
Count of Brandenburg & Schleswig-Holstein, Elector of
Hanover, Admiral of the British Fleet, Commander-in-
Chief of the German Imperial Land and Sea Forces, &c.,
&c., &c., &c.

Whereas,

By virtue of a Treaty made and entered into between the then Transvaal or South African Republic and the British Empire, bearing date the Twentieth day of December, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety five, by which the Treaty of Alliance of this State was transferred to us.

NOW THEREFORE, we hereby appoint our well-beloved and trusty subject, JOHANNES STEPHANUS PAULUS KRUGER (formerly President of the South African Republic), to be our Governor, Viceroy, and Representative in this State, and to have the command of all our Imperial and Colonial Forces as present or hereafter to be brought into this State.

AND MOREOVER, as the aforesaid JOHANNES STEPHANUS PAULUS KRUGER has in times past rendered valuable service to us, and to OUR Empire, we therefore make public our IMPERIAL satisfaction with the loyalty and trusty subject, and hereby do invest him with our IMPERIAL ORDER of the BLACK EAGLE (made in Germany), and do confer on him and his heirs male for ever, the honour and title of "Graf von Doornbosch," together with all the rights, titles, privileges, honours, and considerable benefits attaching thereto, to be his and his heirs male for ever.

WE do also desire to make known our Imperial satisfaction at the heroic and valiant manner in which our two-dead subjects, both German and Boer, with the aid of the ALMIGHTY, and against countless odds, preserved the integrity of the OUR EMPIRE, against the malicious and covetous machinations and unprovoked attack made on them by the subjects of our IMPERIAL GRANDMOTHER.

AND WE also commend the patriotism and valor (to say nothing of discretion) displayed by our Police, both Volunteer and Regular, in the presence of overwhelming numbers of Uitlanders armed to the teeth, and especially on the occasion of OUR IMPERIAL BIRTHDAY.

MOREOVER, as a reward for the valor already displayed and as an incentive to further doughty deeds, BE IT KNOWN THEREFORE, that any one of our most Police who shall bring to any of our duty appointed and authorized POLICE MAGISTRATES in the town of Johannesburg, the head of an UITLANDER (dead), (but not too small), and shall prove to the satisfaction of the aforesaid official—

(1) That he did it on his own.
(2) That not more than 20 others gave him a hand.
(3) That the head is that of a true Ade Uitlander (N.B.—Coolies, half coloureds, and Persians don't count).

(4) That the said Uitlander is really dead and not Dead Deuce.

SHALL, by virtue of this, our IMPERIAL ORDER, rank as Lieutenant in our regular force of Imperial Police, wear the Iron Cross (made in Germany), and shall in addition receive the decoration of our Imperial and Royal Order of the Iron Cross (made in Germany) which said Iron Cross shall be made specially from that "large long (broadened) iron cross" worn by our Superior Imperial Mining Commissioner, M. van der Merwe, in the streets of Johannesburg, and since purchased by us from the Waterworks Company.

OUR TRUSTY, or thereby, subjects are advised to pick out a young and small Uitlander for their first attempt, any meddling about eighteen months old.

GOD HELP THE BALLY COUNTRY!!!

(As for the people, Rhodes, the Devil or the British must help them.)
Given under our IMPERIAL Truly first (nearly dissected) and Seal as OUR IMPERIAL PALACE (3 Rooms and Kitchen) the "Kaleidoscope."
The First Day of April, in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Ninety Six and (what is more important) the Fifth of OUR Reign.

WILHELM R & I. his mark.

Capriivi his mark—Vice-Chancellor.

Printed for His Majesty by _____ (not quite 1)

A JOKE FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

less than an hour late. Those who grumbled at the non-delivery of their letters the other day, and muttered dire threats of pains and penalties, should remember that the P. & O. have spent over £6,000,000 on their fleet within the last twenty years, and have earned a reputation which, like Mr. Bolt in "Put Yourself in His Place," is "bad to beat."



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The effete and decadent Britisher may now breathe again; Messrs. Morgan, Lodge, and Co., of Washington, D.C., and elsewhere, have magnanimously consented to drop the tail of the stuffed lion that affords them light and harmless exercise, and to turn their attention to whatever may be the national animal of Spain. It appears that Congress can no longer endure the spectacle of the barbarities perpetrated by General Weyler, the new repressor of the Cuban revolt. No authenticated particulars of these dread deeds have come over to Europe; and, indeed, the "Butcher Weyler," as one impassioned Senator called him, has hardly been in Cuba long enough to organise anything considerable in the way of a massacre. Besides, he would hardly massacre his own side, and the rebels display a truly heroic activity in avoiding anything like a decisive engagement. Perhaps, however, the wicked Weyler has been hanging or shooting a negro or two after insufficient trial and on inadequate evidence—which is a dreadful crime, when you do not call it a lynching.

In any case, it seems that the Cuban insurgents are to be, or may be, recognised as belligerents—in other words, that no obstacle is to be put in the way of filibusterers. Further, the President is recommended to negotiate with Spain on the basis of the independence of Cuba. Naturally, if matters come to extremities, Cuba will have to go; Spain, though her Army might give the United States some trouble, has no Navy that can make much of a stand; and, unless the States tired of a tedious and unprofitable contest, the issue of a war would be certain.

But what a comment is this on the sincerity of those fervid patriots who denounced England as the great bully of the world, and as always plotting to overthrow the balance of power in America? Who is doing the encroaching and the bullying now? If the Cuban aggression be seriously meant, it is almost time for the European states having colonies in America to form a league with *their* Monroe doctrine—to wit, that they will regard an attempt on the part of any Power to deprive them of their colonies, whether under cover of boundary disputes or on any other pretext, as unfriendly to all of them. One day it is British Guiana that is threatened; next day, Cuba is to go; then, perhaps, the French boundary dispute with Brazil will lead to the formation of the Republic of Cayenne. Congress is becoming almost as great a nuisance as the Kaiser.

There ought to be some reciprocity and fairness even in a Monroe Doctrine. If it be wrong and unlawful for a European Power to conquer or coerce an independent American republic, how is it right for the United States to assist the insurgents in what is and always has been a recognised Spanish colony? If big Britain is not to bully little Venezuela into decent behaviour, is Britain's big cousin free to meddle with poverty-stricken Spain? In a word, is it likely to be a profitable policy for even a great nation to act on the doctrine "Héads I win, tails you lose"?

And the worst of it is that the sympathy with Cuba is, to a considerable extent, disinterested. No doubt there be Americans, even Senators, who would gladly take the land of cigars under their wing; but the sympathy of the United States, on the whole, merely desires the establishment in Cuba of a smaller edition of the South American Anarchies already in existence. Now Spanish rule is doubtless reactionary and stupid; but it is rule of some sort. To make a fertile island into another Hayti, or perhaps a blend of Hayti and Venezuela, would be a crime matching in atrocity the deeds of Abdul the—ahem! If the United States would only be selfish and grasping, even as the wicked European Powers, and annex Cuba and Venezuela, and anything else handy, and get these countries into some order and decency, few would protest—least of all the arrogant Britisher, who is not specially given to encroaching when he has a tolerable neighbour. But to insist on perpetuating the miserable waste of magnificent natural resources under anarchic rabbles of half-breeds, because these worthy people call themselves republican, and those who could take their places, with the best results, are under a monarchy—this is the Dog in the Manger policy.

If the United States will only give up all pretence of disinterested zeal, and go into the Cuban business with the same whole-hearted and sensible greed that gave them Texas and California, other nations can reckon with such an attitude and make their terms. But an attitude of aggression which injures European Colonial Powers for the good of nobody in particular is doomed to failure. It is due to the false sentiment that takes words for things. Why did Americans welcome the overthrow of the morbidly constitutional Empire of Brazil—to the grief of Mr. Astor? Not because the change increased the measure of liberty and of happiness enjoyed by the Brazilians; it immediately and notably diminished both. It was merely because the old constitutional Government was styled an Empire, and the new military Oligarchy or Despotism was called a Republic. So is it now in Cuba. If the United States would take over the island, paying a fair sum as a sop to Spain, and govern and develop it as American business-men could and would, intervention would be justified; if not, then let Weyler have his way. He may be somewhat harsh in repressive measures; but even a "butcher" is a better ruler than a drove of wild pigs. In this general turmoil of international affairs, it is comforting to Englishmen to come upon a really solid fact—the increase of the Navy.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The task of introducing Borrow, in Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of "Lavengro," has very suitably fallen to Mr. Birrell. He is known of old as one of the best of Borrowians, and the lesser members of the tribe must be glad to hear him speak again of their delight. His essay is, for the most part, a graceful appreciation of the charm of the book. He does not go much behind the scenes to sift the *Wahrheit* from the *Dichtung* in "Lavengro." "Nobody has, so far," he says, "attempted to write the life of George Borrow. Nor can we wonder. How could anyone dare to follow in the phosphorescent track of 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye'?" Someone has attempted it, however. The biography is in the making just now in America, it is believed. It may be a marvel of industry and accuracy, as it must be a task of enormous difficulty; but I fancy there are Borrowians who will be Borrowian enough to refuse to read it when it appears. It is interesting to see an illustrated edition of "Lavengro." Mr. Sullivan's pictures are well drawn and fairly successful.

Mr. W. J. Courthope, the new Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has published his Inaugural Lecture. The subject was "Liberty and Authority in Matters of Taste," and a more thankless one he could not have chosen. People have fought over the matter from the beginning of things written; no one has ever been quite satisfied with another's statement of even his own views; and most of the combatants agree with another without ever finding it out. Plenty of liberty and the examples of the great artists as a standard or a guidance—everyone subscribes to that, save a few fossils and a few hotheads. In Professor Courthope's lecture, cultured and eloquent though it is, we get no "forrarder"—so far as theory goes, at least; one can guess his personal predilections to be in favour of pronounced deference to authority. However, in his vague sketch of possible future lectures there is promise of something livelier.

"Papier Mâché," the new volume of the "Pioneer Series" (Heinemann), should not be read in a hurry. I read it in a hurry, and there are great gaps in my knowledge of its plot and intention in consequence. I feel certain that what I did not grasp were just those portions which the author, Mr. Charles Allen, delighted in making. Something I do know of it. The chief character is a violin, a Cremona, which was left a fortune. There was a human trustee, it is true, but he enjoyed his position only so long as the instrument was in his safe keeping. Did it disappear, then the money went to the support of charities. It did disappear, and the heir to the fortune was, somehow, relieved. The violin bored him. In contrast to the extremely modern style and tone of the book, the plot is full of very old-fashioned coincidences. Perhaps the lack of reality made the indirect and mysterious style of narration a matter of prudence.

The rival library of modern fiction, the "Keystone Series," sends out a low-spirited story by Miss Netta Syrett, called "Nobody's Fault." There is ability in it, however, and it is interesting. Its faults are very youthful ones—that of making the heroine a paragon, for instance. This Bridget, a publican's daughter, is beautiful, virtuous, charming, brilliant, literary, enlightened—even the list is left incomplete after I add that she knew admirably how to dress. For the sake of kinship with our poor humanity, something should have been omitted. Perhaps something has been omitted unintentionally. A little geniality might have averted the cruel fate that is put down to the fault of nobody. Her fate is indeed pathetic. Over-educated, for her circumstances, she is forced to leave the publican household, becomes a teacher and a writer of fiction, marries a rich, shallow, wicked literary man, is insulted by him, leaves him, finds the suitable companion too late, duty calling her to stay henceforth with the publican's widow, who would not tolerate any irregular connections, however ideally formed. It may not sound quite complimentary to Miss Syrett to say her strongest scenes and characters are caricatures; but it is a fact. The Jenkins's vulgar party is a huge exaggeration; and so is Miss Miles, the High School mistress. But both are extremely amusing, and both have a sound basis of truth. Miss Syrett has a great flow of lofty ideas, and, of course, she will like to find an outlet for them. But lofty ideas are a glut in the market just now, and scenes to laugh at are rare indeed!

Mr. Unwin started, a few years ago, a particularly dainty "Children's Library." The books in it were for playtime. Now he follows it up by a series called "The Children's Study," and Mrs. Oliphant opens it with a History of Scotland. Critics are requested not to make the obvious comparison which will occur to them. After all, there is something in the point of view that "each generation has need of its own books." A courteous critic will not, therefore, keep Sir Walter in the same room while he examines this new-comer, but he may be excused if he scents about the book very closely to see whether it answers to the one real need of a child's history, whether it is a book of good stories. While the oral teaching in schools is brighter, far more attractive, than it used to be, perhaps as a very consequence of this, the books, especially the history-books, are drier, stiffer, less picturesque—more accurate and more orderly, of course, but that is of no consequence at all. The children—and they exist in large numbers—who can be taught only by their own efforts and reading have, therefore, a hard time of it. Well, Mrs. Oliphant has told a great many stories, and, for the most part, in a genial, imaginative way. It is a little too complete—there are too many facts in it; and the pretty type is too small. But as a stimulator of the imagination and intelligence, it is a long way ahead of many books in use in some schools.

o. o.

“JEDBURY JUNIOR,” AT TERRY’S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

In “Jedbury Junior” Mr. Fred Kerr has got a piece which seems likely to equal if not rival the success of “The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown,” in which connection it may be noticed that the author of the new play, like the part-author of its predecessor, is a woman—Mrs. Ryley. An actress herself, she married Mr. J. H. Ryley, who was familiar to the frequenters of the Oxford in the early ’seventies as one of the Dancing Quakers, and who has since become popular in America as the exponent of Mr. George Grossmith’s parts in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. It is difficult to pigeon-hole “Jedbury Junior,” which ambles between farce and sentimental comedy, with just a touch of melodrama. Perhaps it is its old-fashioned turns, reminiscent of Robertson, which make it delightful in an age that knows not cup-and-saucer comedy. Besides, it is admirably acted by an excellently selected cast, as follows—

Christopher Jedbury junior	Mr. FREDERICK KERR.
Mr. Christopher Jedbury ...	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.
Major Hedway	Mr. J. L. MACKAY.
Tom Bellaby	Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.
Mr. Glibb... ..	Mr. G. E. BELLAMY.
Mr. Simpson	Mr. EDWARD BEECHER.
Whimper	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.
Job	Mr. L. POWER.
Mrs. Jedbury	Miss EMILY CROSS.
Mrs. Glibb	Miss ELSIE CHESTER.
Nelly Jedbury... ..	Miss EVA MOORE.
Dora Hedway	Miss MAUDE MILLETT.

The piece was first produced at the Empire Theatre, New York, under the title of “Christopher Junior,” last September, and at Terry’s on Feb. 14 of this year.



DORA HEDWAY (MISS MAUDE MILLETT).



CHRISTOPHER JEDBURY JUNIOR (MR. FREDERICK KERR),
AND DORA.



MAJOR HEDWAY (MR. J. L. MACKAY), AND THE BUTLER
(MR. GILBERT FARQUHAR).



DORA AND JEDBURY JUNIOR.



JEDBURY JUNIOR AND HIS SISTER (MISS EVA MOORE).

MR. JEDBURY SENIOR (MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP), AND
MR. GLIBB (MR. G. E. BELLAMY).MR. AND MRS. JEDBURY SENIOR (MISS EMILY CROSS),
AND THE BUTLER.



DORA AND JEDBURY JUNIOR.



TOM BELLABY (MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR), AND DORA.



TOM AND JEDBURY JUNIOR.



DORA AND NELLY JEDBURY.



CHARACTERS: MRS. VANSTRUTHEN, a Society beauty, wife of a rich American; THE HON. ARCHIE HYSLOP, an unattached idler; LADY MARGARAM.

TIME: The end of December.

SCENE I.: MRS. VANSTRUTHEN'S drawing-room in Green Street. MRS. VANSTRUTHEN playing the piano. ARCHIE HYSLOP standing with his back to the fireplace, his hands in his pockets.

ARCHIE (with an air of judicial calmness, evidently continuing an interrupted conversation). I don't see how you can call it anything but flirting. You have encouraged me, more or less—at all events, you have allowed me to see a great deal of you, on and off, for a whole year. You have professed to take an interest in me, and now, because I tell you what it means to me, you say that you are wearied—bored, that you have had enough of me, and nothing will satisfy you but that I shall go right away. I am to be swept off the face of the earth.

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (letting one hand fall, and continuing to play softly with the other). Surely you are a little unjust to me!

ARCHIE. If I am absolutely nothing to you— (MRS. VANSTRUTHEN makes a gesture of dissent.)

ARCHIE (walking towards her). Why must I go, Cissie? Tell me how it appears to you. State the case in your own way.

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (turning round on the music-stool). It is like this, Archie. I am always surrounded by men, as you said just now; but it's my husband's wish, not mine. He likes me to be popular. He has the American idea that women are queens of society, and that all unappropriated men are their natural subjects. If I tell him that I do not care to be remarkable, he says it is nonsense, and that women cannot have too much admiration. He tells me that he married me because I satisfied his taste in every way, and that he likes me to demonstrate to the world that his taste is good.

ARCHIE (impatiently). Pshaw! don't talk of him. These other men—

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (quickly). I have always been absolutely indifferent to all of them. If I were to take a special interest in—anyone—my life would be more difficult.

ARCHIE. But why, Cissie? You have told me often that you are tired of society—that if you had your way, you would give the whole thing up: (Bending down and touching her hand.) Give it up, dear, and—or keep it if you will—only keep me with it. Don't send me away. I shall go straight to the devil if you do. I can't get on without you.

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (in a low voice). You must. Don't make it so hard for me, Archie. (Gets up and walks away from him.)

ARCHIE (following her). Then, you do care—a little—Cissie. (Takes her hand.) Listen, if I thought you cared, and that it would really make you happier for me to leave you, I would go; only tell me that I am not hateful to you, as you were trying to make me believe, and (lays both hands on her shoulders) give me one kiss before I go.

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (putting her hands up to his). You promise faithfully to go—to stay away a long time, Archie?

ARCHIE (in a pained voice). Why are you so anxious to get rid of me, Cissie? What harm do I do to you?

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (laying both hands on his coat and leaning her face down on them). Shall I tell you?

ARCHIE (bending over her). Yes, tell me everything. Be fair to me, dear. After all, my only crime is loving you.

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN. Two years ago, Archie, before I met you at all, I had a little child—a baby-girl. She only lived a few months. I idolised her, and then I lost her. Since then, the only thing I have cared for, the only thought that has saved me from despair, has been the chance that some day, in some other world, I may find her again. If I did anything to lessen that chance—if I ran the risk of losing her for ever—I should kill myself.

ARCHIE. Then you care for me enough to—

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN. To ask you to go away.

ARCHIE (after a moment's silence). I'll go, Cissie. When may I come back?

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN. Not for a long time—six months, at least.

ARCHIE (putting his arms round her). You will give me one kiss?

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (hurriedly). You will go right away to-night, at once—you will not come back to say good-bye again? You will not even send me my flowers to-morrow morning? I want to feel certain that you will hear nothing of me—for a time, at all events.

ARCHIE. I will do exactly as you wish, Cissie. Only remember, however far I may be from you, I am not beyond your reach. Perhaps, when I am really gone, you may miss me a little. I will ask you to

make me one promise in return. If you want me, if a moment should come when your heart turns towards me—when, if I were near you, you would call me to your side—do not let any distance keep us apart. Send me a message—just one word, "Come"—and I will be with you as soon as it is possible.

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN. I cannot promise that; there may be—there will be—many such moments, yet I must not send for you.

ARCHIE. Well, I will ask you nothing—I will leave it to your heart. But, if you love me as I love you, you will call me back. I shall wait and hope. (Takes her hands, and puts them round his neck.) Good-bye.

MRS. VANSTRUTHEN (lifting her face to his). Good-bye. (After a pause.) Forgive me, Archie. I have cared—so much more—than you think.

SCENE II.: Two days later. Verandah of the Hôtel Continental, Paris. ARCHIE HYSLOP smoking.

LADY MARGARAM (ascending the steps from the courtyard). Oh! there's that delightful Archie Hyslop. I didn't know he was over here—looking as bored and clever and cynical as usual. (Advances to meet him.) How d'you do, Mr. Hyslop? Any other friends here? When did you come?

ARCHIE. Only the night before last. Not a soul here I know, Lady Margaram. I was feeling like an outcast till I saw you. How is everyone in town?

LADY MARGARAM (gaily). Oh, pretty well, considering you are not there; (becomes suddenly grave) except, of course—it was horribly sad about poor Mrs. Vanstruthen, wasn't it?

ARCHIE (slowly). About Mrs. Vanstruthen? I hope she is not ill. I saw her a few days ago; she seemed all right then.

LADY MARGARAM (hesitating). Oh, yes. I remember you were rather a friend of theirs, weren't you? I should have thought you would have seen it in the papers. (Lowering her voice and speaking in a shocked way.) The fact is, she died very suddenly—yesterday morning. It was the saddest thing—an overdose of chloral—quite an accident. They say she had been suffering for some time from sleeplessness and nerves. Such a pretty woman! Some people thought her uninteresting, but I liked her very much. Didn't you?

ARCHIE (starting). I—I beg your pardon, Lady Margaram. Yes, I liked her very much. Excuse me a moment; I have just remembered a telegram I must send off at once. (Lifts his hat and goes off.)

LADY MARGARAM (soliloquising). How pale he looked! I wonder—but Archie is so unimpressionable, and Mrs. Vanstruthen was not that sort of woman. It's odd he should have left town so suddenly, though. But men are so strange! One never understands them.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

THE LITTLE MASQUERADER.

TO A NINE-YEAR-OLD.

... Of course you may keep the photograph. My gown was copied from an early Florentine fashion, but it does not look so pretty as it really was, though the skirt was an awful bother. What a pity you couldn't come to the ball! We had such fun! Mother wanted my brother to go as Romeo. But he wouldn't because, he said, Romeo was a stupid. Jack is going to be a soldier. At least, that is what he's always saying. So he went as a Scots Grey, and tore ever so many gowns, I do believe, with his nasty little spurs.

—Extract from her Ladyship's Letter.

So this, my dear, is how you graced
The children's fancy-costume ball;
I only wonder why you traced
Your steps to Florence ere her fall.
It makes you seem so old and tall—
Of course, I know you're only nine,
And yet it's pretty, after all,
My masquerading Florentine.

In all that crowd of beaux and belles—
Queen Mary in her gorgeous lace;
Hamlets and Pucks and Aricls;
And painted clowns, with queer grimace;
The tiny, bearded Dr. Grace;
With Audrey, Silvia, Valentine—
For me there had not been a face
So fair as yours, my Florentine.

I've placed you on my mantel-shelf,
O stately dame in miniature!
And marvel that your merry self
Could look so solemn and demure.
You could not keep it up, I'm sure;
The pose would make you droop and pine.
But balls are things that don't endure;
So you are safe, my Florentine.

And, nothing lasts. Full well I know
The day will come when you'll upbraid
If I should call you "Dear." You'll grow
So very shy and coy and staid.
To-day you're but a little maid,
You often tell me you are mine.
Won't you keep up the masquerade,
My little lady Florentine?

SOCRATES ON THE PERCH.

There is an ancient charioteer who often drives me home from my club, and in whose hansom cab most of our celebrities have travelled at times—some frequently—from the Prince of Wales downwards. This veteran, who has been plying for hire these forty years, is in a perpetual state of abstract reflection (except when it comes to settling up), and he has analysed and mentally classified every possible type of human character. The two main features of his philosophy are cynicism—without unamiability—and pessimism—without misanthropy. He speaks with pitying contempt of the over-tailored, fastidiously toiletted snobs masquerading as gentlemen, whom he is sometimes condemned to carry. "I had the honour of a-drivin' of His Rile 'Ighness the Prince of Wales one aftnoon," he related to me, "when one of them there lah-di-dahs did a haction wot you'd 'ardly credit. The Prince, he gets out, pays me the fare, and a bit hextry for myself, and, just as he was a-walkin' off, pitches away his 'arf-smoked cigar. I jump off the dickey, puts it in me mouth, and goes on a-smokin' of it—and a darned good Havanny it was. Up comes a toff with a gold-headed stick, and says, 'Wasn't that His Rile 'Ighness wot throw away that cigar?' 'Yessir, His Rile 'Ighness hisself,' I says. 'Well, I'll give you a shilling for it,' says he; and I replies to 'im, concealing my kintempt for any man a-toadying like that to riletty, I says, 'Make it 'arf-a-crown and it's yourn. It's a rile cigar, and a good 'un.' 'Right,' says he; and he outs with his brass, takes the cigar, knocks out the lighted end agen the gold knob of his stick, puts it in a morocey case from 'is breast-pocket, and walks away a-feeling like one of the rile fam'ly."

Not long ago, when this cabman, one night, had driven me home, I invited him indoors, gave him a cigar and a tumbler of sherry, and, during half an hour, carefully elicited his views on life in general and character in particular (I was paying for my education at the rate of half-a-crown an hour). He considered that the only man who could enjoy any happiness or serenity was he who had been born with, or had cultivated, the tough skin of a hippopotamus. "There's hundreds and thousands of people yer meet wot's as prickly as porkypines; if yer 'aven't got a tough hide, 'arf an inch thick, they'll be a-stickin' their quills into yer perpetual." He declared that the only man who was certain to get on, or certain to avoid going under, in life, was he who had learned that hope was the child of despair; that, when the tide of misfortune had flowed in upon a man to flood-point, it was already on the ebb: that the worst ever has a tendency to return to better; and that that man, and he only, is a philosopher who can take the cruellest disappointments without surprise, with indifference, with a mere shrug of the shoulders. He had, hundreds of times, plied for hire six or seven hours at a stretch without getting the glimpse of a fare; then—it nearly always happened so—the spell of ill-luck was

broken by a sudden passenger, and for the rest of the day he was driving a succession of fares as hard as he could pelt. It was often profitable, however, to refuse a fare. A cabman about London for forty years gets to know the paying or non-paying qualities of all the regular riders. This cabman was hailed the other night by the commissionaire at the door of a West-End theatre, who exclaimed, "Come along, here; hurry up! The Count de So-and-so" (mentioning an ambassador) "is coming downstairs. Drive his Excellency to So-and-so." "Thank yer for nothink," was the reply; "I've had some of 'is Excellency. I'm not agointer tear out the hinside of my hoss for a mile and three-

quarter for any shilling hambassador in Europe." For, indeed, although this Jehu is an abstract philosopher, he is likewise a cabman of the *nascitur non fit* type, and cannot, I am sorry to say, always resist indulgence in the sarcasms of the vehicular perch.

He is neutral in politics, because he cannot afford, in his public position, to side with any particular party. I have myself seen Lord Salisbury at one time and Lord Rosebery at another in his cab. With a touch of excusable human nature, he considers that he has played no small part in the destiny of the nation at moments of political crisis. "One day the Primeer of Hengland" (I give this verbatim) "beckons me and says, speaking quick, 'Arry'—that's my perfeshnal name—'there's another of them there Europpan crisisses.' 'Lor'!' I says, taken aback. 'Yes,' he says; 'I want yer to drive me heavens 'ard to the Rooshyan Hembassy, 'cos there's a coalition agoin' on agenst us, and, unless yer get me there by a quarty to five sharp, on the stroke, I shall very likely be too late, and 'ave to call out the Reserve, and send the Meddetyrean Squadron to blockade the Dardynelles.' I drove 'im like a flash o' lightning, got 'im there to time, with three minutes to spare, and I see by the papers next morning as 'ow I was in the proud persition of 'aving averted another o' them there Continental komplikashuns."

"Your reminiscences," I remarked, preserving my countenance from the least suspicion of a smile, "would be worth writing."

"They'd make volumes, sir, and more than one of them there littery gents has made me hoffers to write my horthy-behography."

I asked him, as a philosopher, what was the psychical explanation of the extreme rapacity of cabmen, which seemed to me to be dictated by something more than a mere greed of illicit gain—to repose upon some subtle instinct which had in it a touch of the diabolical. "It's like this 'ere, sir," he replied; "supposin' you're agointer drive to the theyatre—p'raps with a hinteresting young lady. You're agointer enjoy yerself, aren't yer? Very good; the cabman says to 'isselt, 'This is all right for me. That gent, if he is a gent, couldn't posserbly, with all that lot of pleasure in front of 'im, avoid givin' a paw cabby a hextry 'arf-crown.' As Prince Hal would have said, 'A good half-crown's worth of explanation.'"

FREDERICK LEAL.



A LITTLE EARLY FLORENTINE.
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

Filling up the gaps in what are known as "complete" editions of the classics is excellent sport to the keen-sighted student; and when he is not merely a literary detective, but a man of discrimination as well, who knows when to pursue and when to abandon, his "finds" are exciting

to many more besides himself. To recover the youthful poem or essay, not too immature to mark an interesting stage in a great career; the intimate letters that have escaped the notice of editors; the occasional verses that show a talent lavishly bestowed on personal friends, not grudgingly kept for mankind; the fine passages that a later judgment held to be irrelevant and so omitted—to track these things is a fascinating as well as meritorious service to letters.

In Nichols's well-known "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century" many fragments and fugitive writings were gathered, with samples of the work of writers whose power or

individuality somehow did not ensure their universal recognition among their fellows. The editors of this new series have adopted the double plan. Their first supply is generous, and they speak confidently of abundant material for future volumes, mainly from manuscripts, though practically inaccessible texts will also be drawn upon. Of course, it would be easy enough to fill the work with worthless unpublished things of writers famous and obscure. But, judging from the present volume, the merely curious is not to be included. Biographical or literary value is to be the test of admission. For a satisfactory notice of the book it would be almost enough to give its contents, which are the best vouchers for its value and interest. Here, then, are the items, omitting the sub-titles of the sections: "The Trial of William Blake for Sedition"; "Arthur Henry Hallam as Advocate of Alfred and Charles Tennyson"; "Midnight: Lines on the Death of Alfred Lord Tennyson," by H. Buxton Forman; "An Opinion of Tennyson," by E. B. Browning; "Thomas Wade"; "Fifty Sonnets," "The Contention of Death and Love," and "Helena," by T. Wade; "The Landor-Blessington Papers"; "A Brief Account of Richard Henry Horne"; "The Ballad of Delora," by R. H. Horne; "Hawthorne in the Shade of Johnson"; "A Dramatic Scene," by Charles Wells; "A Bundle of Letters from Shelley to Leigh Hunt"; "Materials for a Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Robert Browning."

The Blake Papers, from contemporary manuscripts, are of first-rate importance. Gilchrist's Life would have contained a more coherent account of the strange affair, had they been in his hands. Next to these in interest, having regard to the better-known writers, we should place "The Landor-Blessington Papers." Landor appears here in a very attractive guise; as the generous, effusive friend, dedicating all his verses, his Imaginary Conversations, his very dreams at the time, to the service and the amusement of the lady—she was full of her Books of Beauty just then—eagerly anxious about her health, and flattering her social and literary graces in extravagant and quite sincere terms. The Shelley Letters are friendly, kind, and interesting, full of his new impressions of Italy and his eagerness that Hunt should share them, and with a good many references to "our poor friend Lord Byron," who, though "corrupted" by living among the degenerate Italians, was generously offering just then to make Hunt's visit possible and easy.

But one turns with still more curiosity to the account of the fascinating, adventurous career of Richard Henry Horne, and to the evidences of the poetic genius of Thomas Wade. Horne's "Ballad of Delora" is an undisciplined rhapsody, broken into by strains of real and exquisite poetry. Andrea Como, the wronged lover, protests very loudly, but time after time his sorrow speaks the right words, and we follow his wild steps and cries with sympathy. Many of his halting, rugged lines make music—

With my loss
Still warring to out-bar despair:
The wide, blank common meets me there!
Oh! thou cold sweep of land!—waste, wild,
Suffering speeds o'er thee—thou art fill'd—
Thy dews are desolate hearts distilled;
Delora!

In giving this general indication of the varied contents of the volume, mention should be made of the fine Blake portrait and the numerous facsimiles.

* "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period." Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., and Thomas J. Wise. Volume I. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

FOUR QUAIN T LITTLE BOOKS.

A PRIVATE PUBLISHER'S QUIVERFUL.

Had Herrick thought a minute longer, he assuredly would have added a line in praise of little books to his "Ternarie of Littles"; for a little book is so fair a thing. Not a pocket edition of a big book: that is a very different matter—a mere effect of small type and thin paper, a publisher's ruse, a big book still, in spite of its small superficialities and trifling weight—but an essentially little book, little as viewed by its author when, while yet at work upon it, he conjures up (as all right authors must) a vision of its complete ideal form. Such books are they which, to the number of four, Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys of Messrs. Hatchard's has privately published during the past two years.

The matter is worthy the *format*, and in tune with it. Mr. Humphreys' quartette are concerned with an old, old story that is ever new. "All time is wasted that is not spent in love," said a notorious revolutionist, whose death was encompassed by his enemies with many circumstances of torture and good taste. Mr. Humphreys' tiny volumes say precisely the same thing, but with much pleasing circumlocution. "Love's Garland: A Book of Posy Gift Mottoes" (a reprint of a 1674 publication), "The Passionate Pilgrime" (a reprint of the 1599 edition), "Cupid's Posies" (which also dates from 1674), and "Catherine Anwill: Her Book" (now for the first time published)—these are the titles. The aggregate of pages does not reach to two hundred. To each of the first three Mr. Humphreys has prefixed a Note, wherein the hand of the book-lover is very apparent. "The book-hunter knows well," says he, "the scarcity of early 'Garlands'; and when the, sometimes unwary, bookseller catalogues one—*inter alia*, it may be—for eightpence, he thinks the occasion demands that he straightway leave his breakfast, and at the nearest post-office he lays out sixpence." This is the true spirit. Again: "A first edition *may* be the best, but in most cases it is the very worst. This lunacy [the collecting of first editions] must soon come to an end, for there seems no reason why the *second*-edition man should not arise, and, by his reasonableness and his alliance with the dog's-eared and thumb-marked man, he will slay the first-edition man, and then turn to the large-paper man, who is a monstrosity next in magnitude." Mr. Humphreys is likely to find opponents here, but the extract proves him to have courage and bibliophilic individuality.

From "The Passionate Pilgrime" it is late in the day to quote, but here is a quaint passage from "Love's Garland"—

The Posie of a pitifull Lover writ in a Riban Carnation three penny broad, and wound about a fair branch of Rosemary, upon which he wittily plays thus—

Rosemary, Rose, I send to thee,
In hope that thou wilt marry me.
Nothing can be, sweet Rose,
More sweeter unto Harry,
Then, marry, Rose!
Sweeter than this Rose-mary.

These old rhymes are more powerful to reconstruct the past than a score of historical novels. "Cupid's Posies," a second collection of such protestations and appeals, has this sub-title, "For Bracelets, Handkerchers, and Rings, With Scarfes, Gloves, and other things. Written by *Cupid* on a Day When *Venus* gave me leave to play. *Verbum sat amanti*. The Lover sheweth his intent, By Gifts that are with posies sent."

"Catherine Anwill: Her Book," is the title of Mr. Humphreys' latest publication. The covers, daintily and fittingly embellished (as our great-grandmothers would say) with roses, hearts, and Cupid's arrows, hold but fifty pages, half of which are occupied with the preface and apologetic verses, which, the announcement says, are by "Another Hand." Mr. Humphreys has for once relinquished the office of editor. According to this preface, the little book is a reprint of a manuscript volume of which all that is known is that the name Catherine Anwill is written on the fly-leaf, and the date is probably about the middle of the seventeenth century. Of the twenty-four poems, all save five have been traced (to Cartwright, Carew, Strode, and others), and these five are left to the industry of the curious reader. Two of them are so delightfully improper that one rather envies the curious reader. Says the editor of Catherine Anwill as anthologist: "Her taste . . . is mainly the taste of a merry little animal, with no special reluctance to give away her own sex, and no press of false modesty. But," he continues, "considering what a vast body of verse expressing sentiments congenial to her temperament was at that date in existence, it is to Mistress Anwill's credit that her selection is so good." Certainly the book contains lovely things. As to who Catherine Anwill was, no information is hazarded, save that she was beautiful (which proves "Another Hand" to be no more than human) and young. "Surely," he says, "Catherine was young: young because we wish her to be, young because the album age is soon passed." His apologetic verses by way of excuse for making the little book public end thus—

Then let me feel you pardon me
This trespass into privacy . . .
But if you deem my conduct ill,
But if reproof should be your will,
O recollect, before you blame,
The human heart is just the same
As when you thought all life a game,
And men love women still.
So may you, by this act of mine,
Win other lovers, Catherine!

It is to be hoped that the counters at Hatchards' may long continue to be graced by the volumes of this most agreeable and reticent of publishers.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

It was purposed, so we all understood, to present Lord Leighton's unsold pictures to the nation or to the Academy; and we naturally rejoiced that such a collection of fine work should come so near to us. In this expectation, however, we are disappointed. These works are not to remain unsold; they will even endure the vulgarity of going under the hammer, and the sale will take place at Christie's during Henley week.

stop. Mr. Richmond, it may be said at once, has no right to claim for Leighton's art such supremacy as belongs to just one or two rare geniuses in the world's history. One thinks of that pathetic letter, "I begin every picture with hope; I end every picture with disappointment," written by Leighton himself, and one goes on to consider what the artist would have thought of this excessive praise had he lived to see



PIERRETTE.—F. STAHL.

This announcement has naturally caused considerable disappointment. One distinguished critic has expressed his feelings to the effect that "We fancy, to the people who really buy pictures at Christie's, this will seem of very slight importance, as we do not imagine that Henley will have much effect upon the agents, who can easily be sent to the sale." This critic evidently does not reckon upon Lord Leighton's popularity as a "Society President."

Meanwhile here comes Mr. Richmond, R.A., to tell us and the world what he thinks of Lord Leighton and his art in the *Nineteenth Century*. Let us allow everything to Mr. Richmond's fine sense of loyalty, to his natural sentiment of friendship, and to his legitimate admiration of one who was indeed worthy of much admiration. But here let our allowance

it set down in the solemnity of print. Let friendship, by all means, have its dues; but let not friendship itself meddle with matters that belong not to intimacy and personal knowledge, but to the whole insensitive, indifferent world.

Mr. Richmond, however, attempts to make one little point in his article which it is necessary to refute at once. Speaking of Leighton's picture, "Flaming June," as a "glorious" work, he makes the needless observation that "ignorant critics" described the position of the sleeping lady as inartistic, because it seemed unnatural. He goes on to declare that the position in question is possible, by this means convicting critics of their ignorance. It so happened that we, in this column, were among those ignorant critics, and we are quite glad to think that we were



MEDITATION.

A Photographic Study by G. and R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

not among the knowing ones. Surely Mr. Richmond misses the whole point of the objection, which is, not that the position is impossible, but that it implies an effort which is not consistent with repose. For example, a "contortionist," such as one can see at our music-halls, is able to bend backwards and kiss his heels; supposing that he was also able to slumber in that position, nobody would add that it was a natural position in which to paint even a slumbering contortionist. That is the point of the objection to Leighton's picture: the position is possible, but not probable; and the objection is perfectly justifiable. Nevertheless, it is ill to wrangle over such trifles. Leighton's position is assured; and even the indiscretion of his friends cannot change a fact over which friendship has no control.

Mr. Spielmann contributes, also, a lengthy criticism upon Lord Leighton to the *Magazine of Art*, bringing, we are bound to say, a far more judicious mind to his task than Mr. Richmond. Moreover, Mr. Spielmann has the advantage of illustrations; and although we admire, now as always, the familiar studies of painting and sculpture by the late President, we cannot but think that it was unfortunate to select for a frontispiece his "Perseus and Andromeda," which is, perhaps, the least successful of all Leighton's works. The composition is poor; the sentiment is absurd; and though we believe, upon good authority, that Lord Leighton intended the picture as, in some sort, a lesson to Mr. Harry Tuke, whose handling of the same subject had much displeased him, we cannot add that the lesson came from Leighton to Mr. Tuke. As Beau Austin said, "Child, it is all the other way."

While Professor Röntgen, with his x rays, is attempting to confuse light with darkness (and making the attempt with deplorable success), let us, before our ideas upon these positive and negative questions become hopelessly commingled, recommend a charming photograph (Old Style) by G. and R. Lavis, of Eastbourne, entitled "Meditation," and reproduced above. Everything that can make the composition charming has here been done. Of course, one cannot expect the soft diminutions of a perfect picture from any photograph; but one may reasonably look for a natural sweetness and charm—results which are beautifully obtained in the example before us.

We also reproduce this week M. F. Stahl's "Pierrette," which is full of piquancy and charm. M. Stahl understands, with great acuteness, the art of balance and proportion. Note, in this picture, how Pierrette, looking forth from her ruff, balances her hat to the exact angle. The face, too, has a charm of its own: it is pretty without being commonplace; the hair

is adorably twirled over the ruff, the mouth is beautifully unsymmetrical, and the eyes, not quite open, reveal a smile in the half-drawn lids. Even from the reproduction one can gather that the brushwork is excellent.

We are informed that the annual "Amateur Art Exhibition" will be held in May or the beginning of June, for the benefit of the Parochial Mission Women's Fund, the East London Nursing Association, and the East London Girls' Friendly Society Club-Rooms. If this is not exactly art, it is at all events charity, and we are asked to state that intending exhibitors should communicate with the Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot, 8, Onslow Gardens, S.W. It is intended also to arrange a loan exhibition in connection with this show.

Apropos of the foregoing announcement, we have received the following letter from the Countess of Romney—

I should be glad to direct the attention of your readers to the notice of the Annual Amateur Art Exhibition, to be held in May or June, and more especially to the Loan Collection in connection with it, which we trust to arrange, of Miniatures and Portrait-Drawings by Edridge and his contemporaries, such as Slater and Heaphy, covering, roughly speaking, the last thirty years of the eighteenth century and the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. This should form a very interesting and attractive collection, and one not previously gathered together. As I have undertaken the arrangement of this department, may I ask any of your readers who are owners of such miniatures and drawings, and who would be kindly willing to lend them to this exhibition, to communicate with the Hon. Sec. of the Loan Collection, the Hon. Mrs. Mure, 4, Lennox Gardens, S.W., who will supply all further information?

We may make brief mention of the "Exposition Hollandaise" at the Continental Gallery, which contains some exceedingly fine work by representatives of the modern Dutch school. It is very curious to compare this later outburst of Dutch art with the older and greater school which had for the captain-jewels of its crown such great artists as Rembrandt and Ruysdael. The newer school, however, is assuredly great, but just lacks the perfect grandeur of style which the old possessed. Israels, Mauve, Mesdag; W. Maris, and J. Maris are names to conjure with; and they are all represented here, if not at their actual best, at all events meritoriously. As a merely judicial experience, a visit is well worth while; as an artistic experience, it is even better.

The Kneller reproduced here comes from the Duke of Leeds, at Gogmagog, Cambridgeshire. It represents the daughter of Sir Thomas Osborne, the celebrated lawyer of Charles II., who was Lord Chancellor 1673, created Baron Osborne, Viscount Latimer, Earl of Danby, Marquess of Carmarthen, and, finally, Duke of Leeds in 1694. He was impeached in 1679, imprisoned in the Tower until 1684, and died in 1712.



THE DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS OSBORNE, FIRST DUKE OF LEEDS.—SIR G. KNELLER, Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



MISS MINA LEGH IN "AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE NEW A.R.A.'S.

II.—MR. EDWIN A. ABBEY.

When the announcement of the latest elections to the Royal Academy appeared in the morning papers, the "man in the street" said to his wife, "Solomon J. Solomon I know, but who is Abbey? I've seen every Academy for the past twenty years, yet I cannot recall a single picture by



MR. E. A. ABBEY, A.R.A.

Photo by H. S. Menziesohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

him." The lady glanced up from her sewing. "I seem to remember," she said, "about six years ago, a tender, delicate picture by Mr. Abbey hanging on the line in the second room. It was called, I believe, 'A May-Day Morning,' and I recollect a painter said to me that same evening at dinner, 'Abbey has long been renowned as a fine black-and-white artist. By this picture he leaps into fame as a colourist.'"

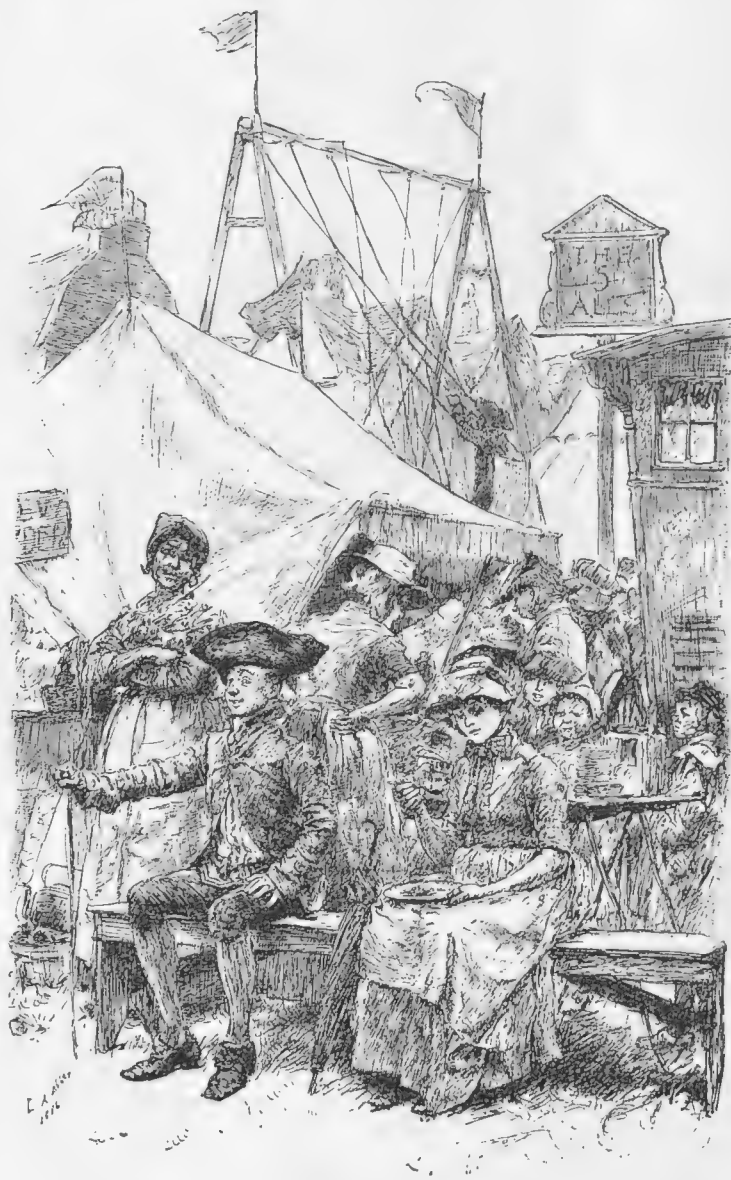
The wife of the man in the street had an excellent memory. "A May-Day Morning" was exhibited in 1890, and then the painter was inarticulate, as far as Burlington was concerned, till 1894, in which year he produced "Fiammetta's Song." That was all. Two pictures in the hold, and this lucky artist sails, fully rigged, and without a single tack, straight into the harbour of Burlington House. And there is nobody but congratulates the Royal Academy on his accession to their number.

To understand the true meaning of this election, I must ask you to step for a moment into the gallery of the Nineteenth Century Art Society. It is towards the close of a winter afternoon, or, to be more precise, upon a day near the end of January of last year. Five large pictures hang upon the walls. They are all by Mr. Abbey. Gathered in the gallery are a number of distinguished people, including quite half the Academy, who audibly express their admiration of the pictures. Mr. Abbey is the hero of the hour, and long before closing-time it is whispered that the excellence of these works will ensure the painter's speedy election to the Academy. They represent "The Quest of the Holy Grail," and are destined for the wall of the receiving-room of the Public Library of Boston, U.S.A. Some years before, the trustees of that institution, having determined to make the building beautiful within and without, commissioned several eminent painters, including M. Puvis de Chavannes, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Abbey, to decorate the walls with paintings, giving them *carte blanche* as to subject and style. Mr. Abbey chose the Arthurian legend, and these pictures are the first instalment of his work—ninety feet of painting out of a hundred and eighty. "Galahad as a Baby" begins the series, and, being destined for a somewhat dark corner of the room, is painted upon a glorious background of blue and gold. The others follow in this order: "The Knighting of Galahad by Lancelot," "Sir Galahad brought to the Court of King Arthur by Joseph of Arimathea," "The Benediction of the Knights who Go Forth on the Sacred Quest," and, lastly, "Sir Galahad at

the sleep-bound Castle Grail of the Fisher-King Armafortas." No wonder the Royal Academicians were impressed by these pictures, magnificent in colour, bold in design, which re-tell the old legend so freshly, with such a rich humanity that the soul even of a hatter could hardly fail to be touched by their romantic and passionate chivalry. After ten days of publicity, they were taken from their solemn black frames, laid face downwards upon large squares of blue felt, and carefully rolled upon huge wooden cylinders, with sheets of oil-cloth between each picture. The precious bales, swathed in linen, were then escorted by their master across the winter Atlantic, and under his superintendence were hung in their appointed place upon the walls of the Boston Public Library. The task accomplished, he bade adieu to his grateful countrymen, and returned to England, his brain afire with the remaining ninety yards of running pictures for the Boston Library.

So much for the new Associate, as a painter. Now that he has felt the delight of working in colour, no doubt the Academy will, in the coming years, receive many pictures from his brush, and the Art Editor of *Harper's Magazine* will regretfully be obliged to publish some numbers of his excellent periodical without a drawing by Mr. Abbey, who has become as much a part of that periodical as Mr. Du Maurier of *Punch* or Mr. Gould of the *Westminster Gazette*.

Who does not know his beautiful pen-and-ink drawings that for years past have made *Harper's* unique among magazines—individual in treatment, fine in line, graceful in composition, and bubbling over with a fanciful invention that shows no sign of exhaustion even after the long and exacting demands that have been made upon it? He began to produce black-and-white drawings at the age of nineteen, when he entered into an engagement with Messrs. Harper. This was in 1871, the year of his departure to New York from Philadelphia, where he was born in 1852, and where as a youth he studied drawing in the Academy of that city, and landscape-painting with old Isaac Williams. After a stay of seven years in New York, Mr. Abbey came to London with a commission in his pocket to complete a series of illustrations to Herrick's poems, published in 1880. Followed a number of drawings in conjunction with Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., for a book about



From "Old Songs: with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons." Copyright, 1888, by Harper and Brothers.

Holland, and some seventy-odd illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer." He next tackled a series of pictorial renderings of "Old Songs," and many illustrations of "The Quiet Life" followed in proper sequence. In "The Quiet Life" he collaborated with Mr. Alfred Parsons. His *magnum opus* in black-and-white was completed about two years ago,

when he could put down his pen and congratulate himself upon having produced no less than a hundred and thirty-five fine illustrations to Shakspeare's comedies.

Mr. Abbey is not often seen in London. He lives and works in the inspiring company of another young Associate of the Royal Academy, and a fellow-countryman, Mr. J. S. Sargent, at Morgan Hall, Fairford, a fine



PORTIA.

From "The Comedies of William Shakespeare: with many Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey." Copyright, 1895, by Harper and Brothers.

old English mansion in Gloucestershire. Many delightful pastels and water-colours also stand to his name, and, as to other honours, he is an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, a member of the American Water-Colour Society, and among his treasures he possesses a second-class gold medal from Munich, 1883, and a gold medal from Paris, 1889.

A CHAIRMAN OF THE MUSIC-HALL.

The music-hall has changed a good deal since it took its place as one of the great recreations of the mass of the people. One notable change has been the gradual diminution in the number of music-halls that retain the institution of the chairman. The increasing size of these places of amusement—an Empire or an Alhambra—has, no doubt, something to do with this. Think of the Alhambra with a chairman, or the Empire, or the Palace! Why, it doesn't strike us as one of the possible things.

But, for all that, the chairman of the music-hall still remains, and I confess that he has always seemed to me one of the most picturesque parts of music-hall-land. He gives a touch of sociability to the entertainment, which would otherwise be wanting. He is a sort of point of contact between all the elements, and long may he and the cosy music-halls at which he is still to be found remain to minister to happy hours.

These were the feelings which ran in my mind the other evening, as I sat beside Mr. Ben Baker's chair in Gatti's Charing Cross Music-hall and chatted to him. It was no formal interview, because that would hardly have been the time for one, and I'm not setting out my visit in that way at all. Simply, I spent an hour with a very popular music-hall chairman, and he told me little points affecting his work. "One or two music-halls have recently abolished their chairmen," he informed me; "but there are still, I fancy, about a dozen of us in London."

Somebody will ask—What, precisely, does a chairman do? Well, take the picture of Mr. Ben Baker, in his dress-suit, smoking a good-going cigar, his mallet and his programme resting on the table before him. He announces the performers, so that really you can get along quite as comfortably without a programme as with one. He follows the performance closely, ready to catch and note a good point made by an artist. When the applause rings out, his hammer also goes pat-pat-pat, which it would likewise do if the proverbial small boy in the farthest-back seat of the gallery were to talk to his companion in such a tone as to disturb the proceedings. In fine, the chairman of a music-hall does for the performance pretty much what a chairman does for a public meeting—he keeps it going, holds audience and artist in touch with each other, is guide, philosopher, and friend to both, and has a cheery smile for everybody about him.

Had Mr. Ben Baker been a chairman all his days—had he always sat in that high chair, for, indeed, he seemed to me a man born to the thing? "Oh, no!" he answered me; "I have not been always a chairman, but only for the past two or three years. I had long been connected with the music-hall stage, and then, through my old friend, Mr. Tom Tinsley—surely the best of chairmen—I became chairman of Gatti's Music-hall in Westminster Bridge Road. Later, Mr. Tinsley, who had been here for years, went to the Westminster Bridge Road hall, and I came to Villiers Street, and here you find me."

I asked Mr. Baker whether he had not seen many changes in the kind of entertainment provided by music-halls.

"Yes," said he; "I suppose the public taste will always be changing more or less rapidly in regard to its amusements, and what the music-hall has to do is to follow public taste. Are the music-halls falling away in any respect in the measure of the entertainment which they provide? Oh, no! I don't think that at all—the very reverse—and, indeed, it could not be so, since a higher appreciation on the part of the public must mean that more has to be done by the music-hall to satisfy it."

By this time the benches round about us had quite filled up, and sociable streaks of tobacco-smoke were general. It was then I saw what a difference the presence of a chairman makes among an audience.



"Why canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?"

From "Old Songs: with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons." Copyright, 1888, by Harper and Brothers.

Strangers to each other, they were all the friends of the chairman, and so a community of feeling was established.

"Of course," I said to Mr. Baker, "the chairman was quite indispensable to the music-hall in its earlier days?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied; "and, as an institution, he had much to do with the formation of this great branch of public entertainment."

That everybody will cordially admit.

M.

GENTLEMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

The scribe has not usually posed as a man of fashion, perhaps that he might stand aside and, with a good conscience, turn the light jest against its vagaries. In these latter days, it is true, he has been accused of what Nonconformity would call "world-conformity" in this respect; but he has not compromised himself beyond hope, for it was but yesterday that a genial paragraph went the round of the papers concerning Mr. Andrew Lang's frock-coat; therefore, one would fain believe that penmen may still, in true character, take upon their lips the words of Sterne when he wrote: "I walked up to the window in my dusty black coat, and, looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure."

The glass through which we look at the moment of writing is, however, merely that of some curious old fashion-plates, and the world framed therein has long ceased to run at any ring (unless it be one of Dante's circles) for pleasure or pain. It was a world, too, from which yellow, blue, and green, so far as male attire was concerned, had in great measure "gone out," although, of course, the reign of black-and-white and "sad-coloured" doublets had not yet become universal.



MORNING AND EVENING DRESS (JULY).

Bottle-greens, such as Mr. Brownlow affected, and blues, were strongly in evidence, while the elaborate waistcoat, as witness "July," still betrayed the wearer's gentility. It was 1829, the last year of the life of George IV., and, although pantaloons were easier than they had been, distinct traces remain, especially in the May and December fashions, of that irksome compression which cost the First Gentleman in Europe a good half-hour's toil to get into his nether garments. These were the days when every man had need to be a Sir Willoughby Pattern. It is a pity the October plate has not been preserved, for then one could have pictured the exact garb of the bucks who attended, on the fifth of that month, in 1829, to see Fanny Kemble's first appearance, as Juliet, at Covent Garden; but doubtless there were many who were content to go in September styles, or even in something older still, so the loss is not irreparable. It is possible to trace a faint resemblance to the King in the plate for May, but this may be fancy. It is, however, hard fact that George IV. spent over £100,000 on his wardrobe, which was disposed of after his death for £15,000. His Majesty patronised three artists in cloth—



FOR THE FANCY-DRESS BALL AND RACECOURSE (JULY).

Schweitzer and Davidson, in Cork Street, Weston, and a German, Meyer, in Conduit Street, as became the leader of the fashion. There was a time, however, when he was himself led, to a great extent, by the exquisite Brummel.

About this question, "Who leads the fashion nowadays?" there hangs more or less mystery. In a curious mood, I lately inquired of one of the oldest-established firms in the West-End, and was assured that people of distinction had little enough to do with the matter.

"People in high society," said the artist, "at least, in our experience, pay little attention to fashion in its extreme forms. It is some unknown person who starts a vagary."

"And, for the most part, he is followed by unknown persons?"

"Precisely. Take the case of the recent craze in pointed-tail coats. Most of our best customers were not in love with them. Their chief desire is to be well dressed, and they do not care for anything *outré* or conspicuous. Of course, there was a time, during the Second Empire, when the last Napoleon certainly set the fashion."



WALKING AND RIDING DRESS (AUGUST).

"And the Empress did the same for the ladies, of course. By the way, who sets the fashion for women at the present day?"

"Well," and my informant raised his eyebrows, "the truth is, the fashion is largely set by the Parisian *demi-monde*. A fair *demi-mondaine* has an idea, so she gives her suggestion to one of the big houses, which is delighted to have the design, and to execute it for her. It is good business in any case, and, should the idea 'catch on,' better still."

"So," I suggested, "fashionable prudery is obliged for her new feathers to—ahem!"

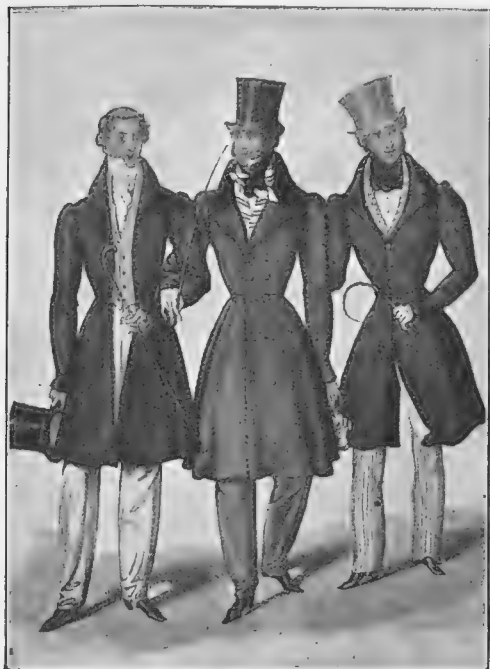
"That is so," said the artist.

Returning for a moment to the old costume of 1829, it is impossible to discover why so many of the plates have a figure in Tudor or Cavalier garb set against the later monstrosity. It reminds one of a plate in *Aglaia*, the organ of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, where Mr. Walter Crane has figured the simplicity of the nineteenth century and of the fourteenth side by side. His intention is obvious; but it is hard to believe that the designer of 1829 was actuated by a similar motive. If so, he must be hailed as a man before his time. It is to be feared that his symbolic gospel was lost on the latest Georgians.



WALKING DRESS (FEBRUARY).

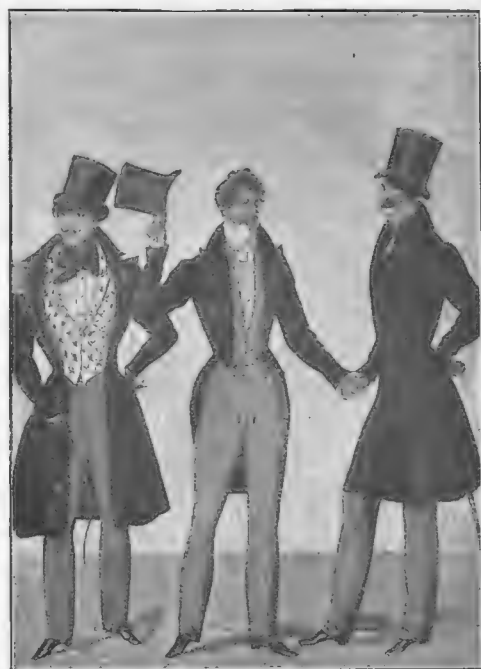
GENTLEMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL



RIDING AND MORNING DRESS (JUNE).



MORNING AND RIDING DRESS (MAY).



MORNING AND RIDING DRESS (NOVEMBER).



SHOOTING COSTUME (OCTOBER).



GRAND OPERA AND EVENING DRESS (MAY).



MORNING DRESS (NOVEMBER).



DRESSES (SEPTEMBER).



OPERA AND FANCY DRESS (APRIL).



FANCY COSTUME, WINTER EVENING AND MORNING DRESS (DECEMBER).

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

XIX.—A SON OF THE SOIL.

Having duly scamped his day's work, Jonas Clay left the turnip-field and plodded homewards. Plodded, because this was the mode of progression to which he was born and bred; had his movements answered to his thoughts, he would have walked with some show of briskness. For there was stirring in his mind a new and hopeful idea, a vividly practical suggestion such as seldom relieved the monotony of this young man's discontent. He wanted a little money, a pound or two, and in a happy moment, as he lay digesting his noontide bacon, the way and the means became clear to him. Why should he pay his mother for board and lodging, when a steady refusal to do so for the next three or four weeks would put him in possession of the sum he needed? It was wonderfully simple. His mother, a soft sort of woman, would not turn him out of doors, and, somehow, would manage to feed him. Why had he not thought of it before?

In his pocket Jonas had a letter from his friend Bill Saggars, who last winter left the village to "better" himself. Bill was now a Londoner, working in a cab-yard, and thoroughly enjoying his ample leisure. He wrote, not at great length, nor very legibly, but in a strain which doubtless inspired Jonas with his great idea. Half the letter dealt with details not suitable for publication, and over this portion Jonas lingered with many guffaws. Altogether, it was a stirring summons. It bade the rustic shake the mud off his heels, turn his back for ever on the—unprintable—country, and enter into the joys of London.

This had been Jonas Clay's ambition ever since he left school. At school he had learnt—well, what had he learnt? In the main, to spell out police-news and to scrawl obscene words. His education, in the real sense, he owed to a powerful but unacknowledged instructor, the Spirit of the Age. Hence his discontent with everything about him, his thorough dishonesty, his blurred, gaslight vision of a remote world. Certain well-meaning persons had given him "religious teaching"; that is to say, had laboriously brought him to the repetition of phrases he did not understand, to which he attached no particular significance whatever. He could not name the flowers by the wayside; no one had ever thought of teaching him that. He did not know—he did not hear—the bird that sang to him at his work; no one had ever spoken to him of such trifles. He was aware, by consequences, that the sun rose and set; but never had he consciously looked at its setting or its rising; for all that Jonas thought about it, the sky might have lowered in a perpetual leadenness. He had no conception of geography—save that somewhere vaguely to the east lay a huge town called London. Of the men who had lived and wrought before him in this fruitful English county, he knew no more than of the Assyrians. Field and farmyard, hedgerow and highway, were hateful in his eyes, to be described only by a foul epithet. Old enough to do a man's work, he had nothing of a man's pride in it; no sense of a man's duties and lawful claims; no impulse of manhood save the fleshly.

Tenacious of his purpose, Jonas, when next he received his wages, hid the money away. He made no declaration of independence; instead of refusing to pay his mother as usual, he merely put her off with absurd excuses. Of course, there was wrangling in the cottage, but Jonas had sound nerves. Presently, when his slow wit discovered the subterfuge, he gave out that he had been incurring debts, and that he would get into trouble if he did not pay them off. For a second and a third week he sat stolid under his mother's wrath and menaces. Then he could wait no longer. It seemed to him that he had amassed a fortune. Early one morning he unearthed his savings, stealthily put together a small bundle, and, instead of going to work, made for the nearest railway-station.

In London, he with difficulty gaped his way to the address with which he had been supplied by Bill Saggars. Bill, as it happened, was taking a holiday, and many hours passed before his friend met with him. After pacing a street and sitting on doorsteps, until he suffered more from fatigue than ever in his life, Jonas beheld a young man whose appearance confounded him; his fellow-yokel of old time had changed amazingly in face and in costume—nay, even in language; Jonas could hardly understand many of his phrases, and some of his words not at all.

It was eleven at night. They went together to a public-house, and while drinking at his friend's expense Bill bestowed upon the new-comer a great deal of advice and instruction. First of all, Jonas must provide himself with the garb of civilisation, not, of course, superior garments such as Bill was at present wearing, but something altogether different from rustic attire: at a slop-shop in the neighbourhood a few shillings would rig him out. And work? Oh, yes! no doubt work could be found easily enough by inquiring at the mews and such places. But never mind about work just yet; Bill felt in the mind to take another day off; to-morrow he would show his friend about.

"How did you get the coin?" he inquired genially. "No coppers after you?"

When the suggestion was explained to him, Jonas indignantly protested his innocence. Bill felt a doubt, but laughed the matter aside.

That night the countryman paid fourpence for his bed at a common lodging-house, and as soon as possible next morning he exchanged his earth-soiled garb for a suit which made him feel very proud of himself; it looked almost as good as new. Bill Saggars, true to his word, turned up in festive spirit, and they devoted the day to sight-seeing. Jonas made

the acquaintance of so many gorgeous public-houses that he had soon lost count of them, and before dusk the marvels of London seemed to him to be floating and circling on a tide of mixed beverages. Somehow he quarrelled with Bill Saggars, and fought him. Somehow, later, he made love to a joyous being in a hat with an immense blue feather. At bedtime he had no money left, but that did not matter; the lordly London police took Jonas into their care, and provided him with shelter. On the morrow, though he declared that he was dying, his protectors obliged him to make a public appearance, but only for a few minutes. Then Jonas was again established in a lodging—where he abode very quietly for seven days.

His courage a trifle damped, but with no thought whatever of leaving the brilliant city, Jonas Clay again sought his friend, and, after a day or two of starvation, he obtained a rough job, which supported him for several weeks. Then came an episode in his story on which it is not good to dwell. Sufficient that he fell into bad health, and, from that, into worse. Now working, now starving, he suffered several months of base torment, which ended, at length, in a hospital. When he came forth again his constitution was wrecked; but, by this time, he knew London, and had not much difficulty in finding employment. Nothing would have induced him to return to rural life; the smell of the pavement was very sweet in his nostrils, and he loathed the memory of the fields. Just think—so he often said—of what he had learnt since he came to London!

Jonas was not marked for a career of crime. One experience had given him a wholesome dread of the police, and though at all times he would have lived dishonestly had it come easily within his scope, he felt no inclination to consort with criminals or study their profession. Enough that for every penny he could earn, London offered an unmatched pennyworth of enjoyment. In course of time, and again, perhaps, as result of experience, his emotions grew susceptible of the calmer, tenderer delights; Jonas awoke to the charm of London's sweet domestic maidenhood, and from among the shining multitude he chose unto himself a suitable companion. The courtship lasted for three years, and in the meantime he improved his position, until an income of five-and-twenty shillings a-week seemed to him and to his beloved the augury of legitimate happiness.

Just before his marriage, Jonas wrote to the mother he had so long forgotten. The letter began, "How goes it, old woman?" In a few days it was returned to him, marked by the Post Office, "Dead." Jonas was so much surprised that he laughed.

Five years of marriage made him the father of three children, miserable, puny creatures, burdened with an unutterable curse. But neither on this part of the story is it pleasant to dwell.

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

II.—A PHILOSOPHER IN CAMBERWELL.

I don't care a bit for the days that are done,
I've sowed fields of wild oats in my time,
But I've played the game fair, and I *might* have won
Were not life such a damned pantomime.
It's jolly to find, when you come of age,
That you've got ninety thousand odd quid
To spend on the gees, your pals, or the stage—
It's quite easy to do it—I did!

Still, life is all right when you once understand
That wine's no better than beer,
In a modest way I can still do the grand
On my fifty pounds a-year.

Do you think, in those days, I'd have worn a suit twice,
When clothes are so easy to buy?
Do you think I'd have ever cared for the price
Of a thing that I wanted? Not I!
And wasn't I known as the best of old chaps?
No one laid longer odds on a bet!
And wasn't there one little girl who, perhaps,
Makes my heart ache sometimes—even yet?

Still, life is all right when you've learnt for yourself
That love of women costs dear—
Women? Thank God, I'm high up on the shelf,
With my fifty pounds a-year!

And now that I've not been for years in a club,
And move in a different set,
I can find decent fellows in every "pub."—
Far straighter than many I've met.
And perhaps, on the whole, I am better off
Standing drinks to some broken-down cur,
Who thinks I'm the ideal type of a "toff,"
And speaks truth when he says "Thank you, sir!"

Yes, life is all right when you've made up your mind
That you've finished your career;
So why should I trouble to curse at mankind
Since I've fifty pounds a-year?—GILBERT BURGESS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



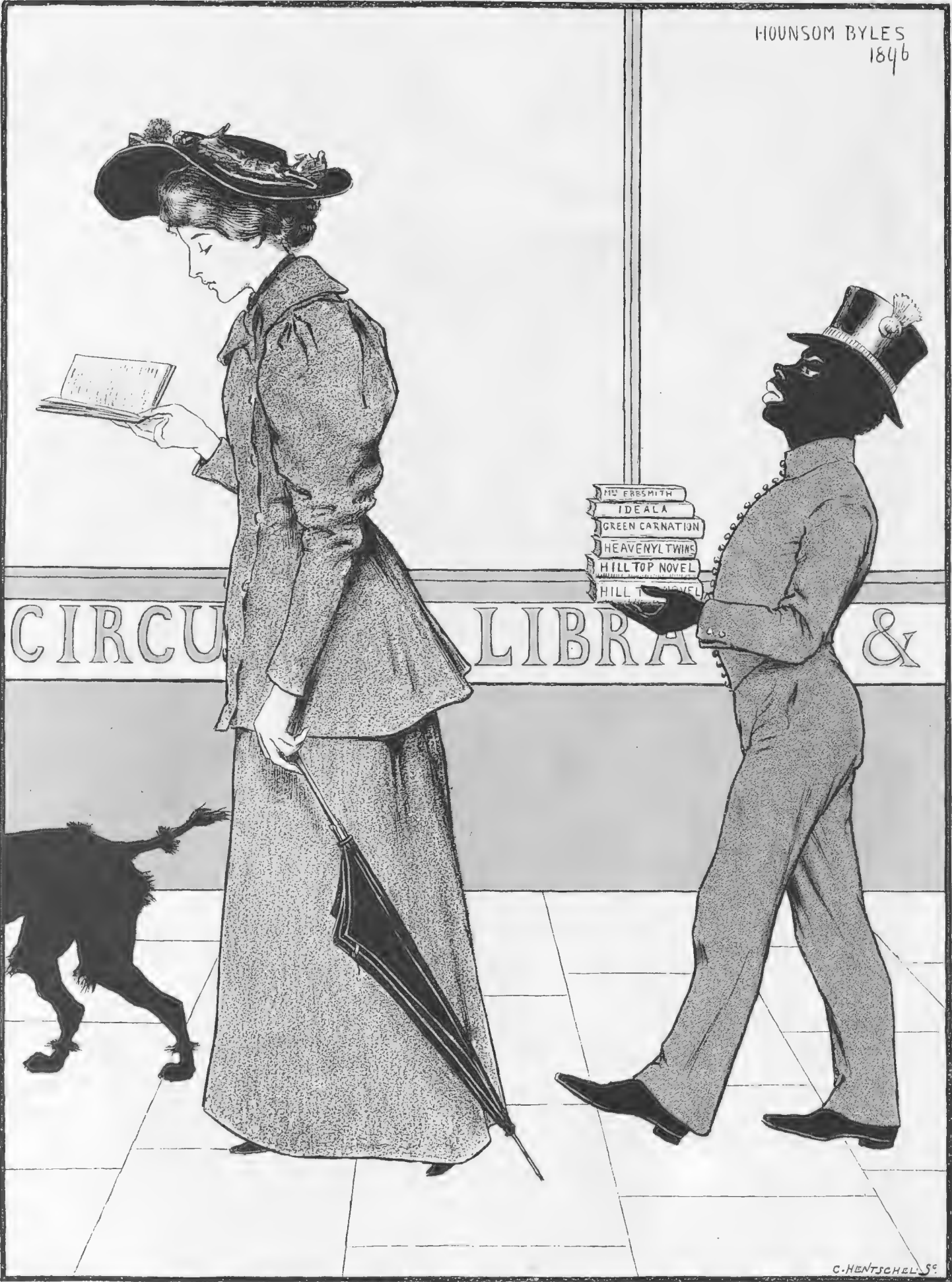
MY NEW MODEL.



PRINCIPAL BOY : Say, Mr. Goldstein, my dressing-room is so cold I'm simply frozen to death.
MANAGER : Vell, my dear, I vill spare no expense ; you shall have a thermometer.



A LITTLE PUFF.



THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

JENNY.

BY MABEL E. WOTTON.



So we were standing together by the window, a tipsy fellow went reeling down the street. Her hand trembled in mine, and that was the first inkling I had of it that she knew.

Stunned by the thought of what such knowledge must mean to her gentle soul, I tried to stay time by seeming not to notice the quivering fingers, but they slowly grew chilly and chillier. I found I had overestimated my strength, and I seated myself suddenly, and took her in my arms.

"You are cold, my darling. You are over-strung," I said. "Hotel life is too fatiguing, and London does not agree with you."

She dropped her head on my shoulder, so that her eyes were hidden, and sighed. "I am tired, Cyp." The sigh was so faint that it was little more than a halting breath, but it was the first I had heard in our six months of married life, and it smote on my heart like a blow.

"London does not agree with you," I persisted, and I held her more closely still. "We will go down to the Priory to-morrow, and then you will be in purer air, and won't tire so easily. Eh, my darling? Does that please you?"

She waited before she answered me. I, holding her, could follow the sequence of her thoughts through the contact of the delicate, eloquent body, and they ran somewhat like this—

It was not London which was tiring her, but this new burden of broken faiths and illusions. Could she summon up courage enough to tell me so, and to implore me to have pity both upon her and on myself? She feared not. The eighteen years' difference in our ages which had been no barrier to love, grew to one of formidable proportions when it came to expostulation. When the clay feet become hideously apparent, is it better for our idols to be still worshipped as pure gold, or to be told of the discovery? Her girlhood could not answer this problem. Which helps them most?

She raised her head, and looked up at me with misty eyes. One word of encouragement, and she would have torn away the mystery which was yet no mystery, and have substituted truth for the confidence which had been between us. But I only looked back at her with a tender, non-comprehending gaze, which could not hurt her, but would not help, and presently her head slid back to its former resting-place, and she sighed again.

"Yes, I shall be glad of purer air," she said very quietly.

Next day we went down to the Priory. It was a fine old place, which belonged to my brother Ashmead, and, as he was a confirmed bachelor, I had come to consider it as my own future possession, and to picture Jenny queening it there as her Ladyship. She had not seen it yet, since owing to her delicate health we had spent the winter and spring in dawdling about in the South, and I had only ventured to bring her home when the June roses were flaunting their glories on the time-worn walls. So they were a renewal of our honeymoon, those first few weeks we spent at the Priory, for, terrified at my own folly and at the price I might be called upon to pay, I devoted myself completely to the task of making her happy. It was not difficult, for, passionately as I loved her, I knew my love to be fully returned; and long days in the woods, and quiet evenings in the white-painted room which had been my mother's boudoir, soon won her back to laughter and contentment. Every now and again, the very demon of a longing possessed me; but I drove it away, as I had driven other temptations in time past, promising myself that, though it was not expedient to yield just then, its blandishments need not always be resisted.

Gradually our evenings became curtailed, for Jenny used to go off to bed about nine, and after I had read her to sleep, or, more often, played her to sleep on the piano in the adjoining room, I was free to follow my own devices. Where they might have led, had I been left to myself, remains problematical, for Seaton suddenly appeared in the neighbourhood, and, though I refused his point-blank request to be invited to stay at the Priory, I felt obliged to look him up as constantly as I could at the little riverside inn to which he had betaken himself. Seaton is one of those capital companions whom a man does not introduce to his own people. When he spoke of the rapturous accounts he had received of the beauty of my young wife, I told him candidly that if ever he obtained an introduction to her, I would not give much for his chance of escaping with sound bones. But that did not prevent our being excellent friends, and night after night I went out to him for cards and a smoke.

We were cut off from the rest of the house, Jenny and I, in a little wing of our own, which consisted, first of my room, then the white-painted boudoir where stood the piano, and, lastly, her room, which

Ashmead had let me refurnish with charming effect. The three opened out of each other, as well as each opening upon the short corridor, while a stout door fastened the corridor off from the rest of the rambling old house. When the maids had once finished with the rooms, we often locked the door, so as to feel "quite, quite in our own little kingdom, and not criticised by unexpected servants," as Jenny phrased it, with her gay little laugh.

I was thankful Jenny had taken to early hours, since they prevented any risk of my again frightening her, for I was as strong as a horse, and however late I might sit with Seaton, and however much he might warn me—the while I confounded his impudence—against the sharp twists of our oddly fashioned staircase, I knew a few hours of bed and a rousing tub would make me as fresh as paint. Sometimes she would beg me to stay with her, and would nerve herself to the singing of those snatches of French convent song which always carried us back to our first meeting. But I was fearful of her over-exerting herself, and generally managed to steal away on one pretext or another, confident that she would soon be in the land of dreams.

I wondered occasionally if I were getting stupid, for tears would come into her eyes, for which I could allege no adequate cause; and once, when my voice had trailed away to nothing, and I had unaccountably fallen asleep in the middle of a bit of Browning, I awoke to find her with a look of blank misery which was out of all proportion to my offence.

And other things troubled me as well, for, born, presumably, of my anxiety, I began to see imaginary shapes around me, much as I had done years before, when I was trying to kill time on a friend's cattle-ranch. There were two which worried me especially—a black beast, a kind of retriever, which constantly followed me at night, and another, a thousand times worse, which mimicked the semblance of Jenny herself. This last, I confess it frankly, frightened me. It was a beautiful thing, impalpable and bloodless, in shadowy white draperies, and with white, carven face; but its likeness to Jenny, albeit it loomed much larger, was horrible, because it was so grotesque, and, at the same time, so accurate. For the eyes were blue, and black-fringed, like hers, and yet the innocent gaiety of them was changed to terror of such intensity that they looked almost like eyes that were bereft of reason. It never spoke, but as I entered cautiously, for fear of rousing my poor little wife in the farthest room, this malicious wraith would push a chair or table in my way, and over it I would go forlornly stumbling. I never saw it except when I returned from being with Seaton—he used to say chaffingly that it was often past three, but it was never later than midnight, I swear—and then it never left me till I plunged between the sheets, lingering near me to turn out the lamp, with a muffled sob that might have sounded pitiful had I not known it to be mocking.

The third night I saw it I grew desperate, and when morning found me with a racking headache, I took myself severely to task. That I was the victim of an optical delusion was evident; and it was pretty evident, too, that I should stay so, unless I took means to strengthen my nerves—which, I freely admit, were in a bad way. Change of scene was out of the question, for it was better for Jenny to stay where she was, and I would not leave her. So the only other way was to force myself to front my uncanny visitor, and try to exorcise it.

The notion was weak-kneed by reason of its vagueness, but I remember it seemed all right to me then, and I began the day (which was late, by-the-bye, for somehow I had managed to oversleep myself) with a firm determination no longer to play the coward.

The day went gloomily. I felt ill and out of sorts, and I hardly saw Jenny, who seemed to have taken an immense fancy to the sewing-maid, for they were perpetually together. The dinner-hour, which was usually so bright, was gone through in moody silence; and the fact that Jenny's ring slipped off her finger when she put out her hand for something, did not tend to soothe me. Why on earth should she go on getting thinner, when I was doing my utmost to build up her strength? Then I went round to her, and kissed the pretty hands, and asked for forgiveness for my petulance.

"I worship you. I would do anything in the world for you, my darling. You know that, don't you?"

She answered strangely, though she kissed me the while.

"Would you, Cyprian? My poor Cyp! God help you, dear!"

I buried my face in the soft little hands, and found their touch was healing, but I had no words in which to answer her, and presently I took some cigars, and went out in search of Seaton.

When I came back again the place was in darkness. There was no moon, so I had some difficulty in discovering the archway which led to the front door, and then was delayed by Seaton's absurd proposition he should come up the staircase with me.

"You will only disturb your wife," he said; and he must be a capital actor, for actually his voice sounded anxious.

However, I got rid of him at last, and finally reached the East Wing, turning by some mistake into the boudoir instead of into my own room.

I had forgotten all about that ghastly semblance of my Jenny, and when I saw it advancing towards me with the hesitating, wavering motion I loathed, all my hot anger against it, which the quarrel with Seaton had perhaps served to rouse, flamed afresh, and I rushed at it with uplifted hands. I clenched them as I ran, and brought them down with a dull *thud* on the pallid, unearthly face, and it dropped before me like

a figure of sand. I dropped too, pressing home my blow until the hair, loosened by the fall, spread over my fingers like a net of living gold, and tangled them in its meshes. Then I left it, and went to bed to lose these wretched phantoms and strifes in a dreamless sleep; and so awoke to find myself still fully dressed, and the sunshine streaming cheerily through the uncurtained window.

Recalling vaguely some sort of nightmare, but too ashamed at my present position to be scared by the recollection of it, I hastily changed and bathed. It was my custom to whistle softly to Jenny in the morning to see if she too were awake; but, gaining no response to my signal, I forbore to repeat it, and opening my room door, I crept out into the corridor, and so into the house. I thought I would go and pick her some forget-me-nots, of which she was exceptionally fond, and take them into her myself with her breakfast-tray.

I was not long, for, to my dismay, I learnt I had made a mistake in the time, and that it was now past eleven. Of course, Jenny must have breakfasted long ago, and would probably be ready by now to let me take her for a drive. It was a glorious morning, and the air would do her good.

That again I had miscalculated became apparent on my return, for at the corridor door I came across one of the men-servants with his eye glued to the key-hole, while a couple of maids stood near, one with her apron up over her face.

"What the deuce are you doing?" I asked, much astonished; and Watson stood up, looking rather sheepish, while the girls moved a few paces away.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the man respectfully; "but we can't make the mistress hear. And it is nearing twelve, and the door is locked."



THE FOX AND CROWN.
Photo by W. H. Thompson, Highgate, N.

Locked? I felt mechanically for the key, though I did not recollect taking it with me, and I knew Jenny had its fellow. Failing to find it instantly, I flung myself against the wood.

"She is sleeping late," I said, speaking thickly, for the strange look upon the servant's face had affected me, and as the door crashed open, I ran into the passage, calling to her—

"Darling! darling!"

The word shivered in the silence, and died abruptly.

In at the first room, tumbled and disordered as I had left it—"Darling!"; on to the second, with Watson close at my heels. No, not here.

"Dar—"

"Ah—h! Look there, sir, *there!*"

Watson gripped me by the arm, and then rushed forward; but I recoiled, with a little cry that tore at my throat to be shrieked aloud, and was strangled there in its unutterable anguish. For here, on the spot where I had mastered the hallucination which had beset me, with her white draperies wrapped round her like a shroud, and with one marble foot gleaming palely in the radius of the still-lighted lamp, lay Jenny.

And, as I watched her, with the blue flowers she had loved falling from my grasp, a thin bar of sunlight shot swiftly forward, and played at havoc with her tangled hair.

Extract from a letter of the prisoner's solicitor to George Bentlow, Q.C.—

... and, as you see, he has rendered it clearly. It was his ring, of course, which killed her. ... What are his chances?

THE PASSING OF OLD HIGHGATE.

Whether is it better to be a hostelry of somewhat decayed fame, the merits of which are chiefly in the past, or to change such a retrospective and mouldering existence for the brilliant lot of a rich man's modern stables? Difficulties even greater than this are often solved by the mere course of events. So it has been in the case of an inn of some repute on the "Northern Heights" of London.

The spirit of change is abroad in the land. You can clearly trace its devastating range in the gorgeous erection which during the past few months has risen up in the place of the Old Gatehouse Tavern, on the top of Highgate Hill, and again in the decess and approaching obliteration of an ancient house of call—the Fox and Crown—near the summit of the West Hill, Highgate.

Without pretending to any particular pride of lineage, the Fox and Crown held an honoured place in its neighbourhood, for there, it is said, the quaint oaths and ceremonies connected with "the horns" lingered longest and died last. Its position and general appearance were decidedly picturesque; and though of late years it grew dilapidated in fabric, and in manners somewhat unruly, in the latter respect, at all events, it may have been only keeping up the memory of the days when thither flocked from London Town many a boon companion from literary, dramatic, sporting, and other "smart" circles. Most of these bygone heroes are now but empty names, yet one, at least, deserves a passing mention. Jeremiah Crooks, whose repute as a seller of second-hand books is perhaps hardly yet dead, attended many merry meetings at the Fox and Crown. But he was a pious man withal. Wherefore, though it is not recorded that he abstained during seasons of mourning

and mortification from these pleasures, he did not fail in Advent and Lent to take off his wooden leg and hobble about on sticks!

The chief glory of the inn, however, consists in the incident which is said to have given it half its title. Until the summer of 1837 it was known as The Fox; thenceforth, and even to this day, its walls were blazoned with the royal escutcheon and the following inscription—

6TH JULY, 1837

This coat-of-arms is a grant from Queen Victoria for services rendered to Her Majesty while in danger travelling down this hill;

and the Fox took to itself a Crown. Fourteen days after her accession the Queen was driving down the West Hill with the Duchess of Kent, when the horses became restive, and, finally, getting frightened by the pressure of the carriage behind them, bolted. Mr. Turner, landlord of the inn, saw the danger, and, running out, blocked the wheels, and averted a catastrophe. Her Majesty went into the inn while the horses were being quieted and a drag-chain procured. Nor did she fail to leave substantial traces of her gratitude, besides subsequently granting the coat-of-arms. That there is some difference between journalistic enterprise then and now may be gathered from the fact that, though the *Hampstead and Highgate Express* had a short account of the occurrence without much delay, the *Times* knew nothing of it for several days, until it quoted a paragraph on the subject from a paper called *John Bull*.

Royal smiles seem to have been of little avail to Mr. Turner, for he was dogged by bad luck, and, not long afterwards, died broken-hearted. Evil fortune appears also to have attended subsequent proprietors, and the place is now vacant pending its metamorphosis. What becomes of the arms? It is stated that Mr. Walter Scrimgeour, who occupies the magnificent house, Parkfield, on the brow of the hill, and whose stables are to replace the Fox and Crown, is to present them to the Highgate Literary Institute. They certainly tell an interesting story, and could they speak they might recount many another in this wise—

A stirrup-cup! The coach draws up
Before the Fox and Crown,
Right glad to know that far below
Lies welcome London Town.

Crow, chanticleer! Let foaming beer
Dispel the coachman's frown.
Mine host must doff—for now they're off
To luring London Town.

The piercing horn wakes up the morn,
The team comes spanking down,
Down, down the hill; the horses thrill
At sight o' London Town.

From out the North young hearts come forth
In hopes of high renown;
Their pulses beat as at their feet
They see old London Town.

The stages jade the weary maid,
But here she smooths her gown,
For all the fair are bound to wear
Their best in London Town. . . .

Now all is fled—such times are dead;
Silent the Fox and Crown,
It cheers no more as once of yore
The heights of London Town.

"O. K."

A CHAT WITH MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF.

Madame Olga Novikoff has been compared in turn to Warwick the King-maker, to the Stormy Petrel, and to Princess Leiven; and certainly few women of our time have attained so notable a position, in not only their own but in an alien country, as has done the lady who served her literary apprenticeship under Katkoff, and who counted among her English friends such men as Carlyle, Kinglake, Froude, and Gladstone.

Madame Novikoff spends a portion of each year in England, and till the disappearance of that famous hostelry she was one of the many celebrities who made Claridge's their second home. She has now established herself (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) at No. 4, Portman Mansions, and it was there I found her, surrounded, as usual, by books, newspapers, pamphlets, and all the signs of a large and extensive correspondence, not the least important item of which, Mr. Gladstone's late epistle on the Armenian Question, soon came under discussion.

"Some people," observed my hostess, smiling, "have asserted that I never received the letter at all—as a matter of fact, that I invented it."

"And yet your acquaintance with the writer, Madame, is, I believe, of long standing?"

"Yes, I think I first met Mr. Gladstone some twenty-odd years ago in Paris, at a dinner-party arranged *à mon intention* by Émile de Girardin. Among those present were the Comte de Lesseps, Édouard Scherer, my brother General Kiréeff, and Bardoux, the ex-Minister; and, hearing that the Gladstones were in Paris, M. Girardin sent them an invitation. Rather to our surprise, when dinner was over, M. Bardoux rose and addressed, in French, a long speech to his host's English guests. This rather annoyed us all, for we were by no means sure whether Mr. Gladstone was really familiar with the French language. Imagine our surprise and delight when he rose and made a splendid speech, delivering it in perfect French, and alluding gracefully to the great benefits that had been conferred on civilisation and science by the joint action of France and England. Of course, no one being brought into contact with him can help being astonished at Mr. Gladstone's all-round knowledge of men and things," she continued thoughtfully. "To take but one instance, his knowledge of Döllinger and the Old Catholic Movement—matters in which my brother takes the keenest interest—is most extraordinary; indeed, it would be difficult to discuss any subject unknown to or misunderstood by the 'Grand Old Man.'"

"You have indeed been fortunate in the matter of your friendships, Madame. Mr. Carlyle must have already been an old man when you made his acquaintance, I should suppose?"

"Yes, but he was wonderfully vigorous, and possessed an all-absorbing personality. I shall always remember the first time I saw him in his old house at Chelsea. It was in 1876, and I owed the introduction to Mr. Tyndall, who told me that my welcome was assured—as, indeed, it was. The great writer was sitting in his quaint Voltairean arm-chair, and I remember he said to me, 'I am very fond of *Roussians*.' You know he spoke with a very peculiar Scotch accent. Shortly after this memorable visit I was in my sitting-room at Claridge's, when a brougham drove up, and from it descended Carlyle and Mr. Froude. As the old man came into the room, he said to me, 'You must not think that this is my carriage; it is Lady Ashburton's—I always go about in omnibuses.' And, after that, together with Mr. Froude, I often accompanied Carlyle in delightful omnibus expeditions. You ask me how I came to publish my first English book," she added, after a pause. "You must know that I had been for some time contributing letters on the Bulgarian Question to the *Northern Echo*, then edited by Mr. Stead. I signed these communications 'O. K.,' the initials of my maiden name, Olga Kiréeff, for my brother-in-law was Russian Ambassador to Vienna, and I did not feel justified in bringing his or my husband's name into the discussion. Carlyle read and approved of 'O. K.'s' epistles, and one day, when he was

calling on me with Mr. Froude, he asked me why I did not publish them in volume form, adding, 'If you like, I will write you a preface'; and then, with a kind of despair, holding out his trembling hands, he said, 'No, I cannot do so, my writing days are over; but here,' he added, pointing to Mr. Froude, 'is a young man who will be glad to do it for you'; and this led to the publication of 'Is Russia Wrong?' and ultimately to that of 'Russia and England,' reviewed by Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*, which tried to clear away at least a few unjust prejudices then existent in English minds about Russia and her work in the world."

"And yet, Madame, all your friends cannot have been said to have had specially Russian sympathies—at least, not before they met you?"—remembering the stories once afloat as to the Circean spells said to have been cast over even the most determined Russophobes by "the fair lady of Claridge's," as she was once styled by the historian of the Crimean War.

"That is quite true; but you must remember that, when I first came to England, nothing was further from my thoughts than having anything to do, in an active sense, with either politics or literature. In those days, I frequently attended Lady Holland's

Sunday dinner-parties, where I not only met Mr. Kinglake, but also Lord Houghton, Mr. Hayward, Bernal Osborn, Sir Henry Bulwer, and many others. Mr. Kinglake became, and remained till his death, one of my dearest friends. When revising a cheap edition of his 'History of the Crimean War,' he informed me that he intended to add a preface, in which he would allude to the events of 1876, and to the part played by my brother Nicolai in the Russian-Turkish War. Time passed on, and I heard no more till, one day, Kinglake appeared; and, handing me a manuscript, asked me to look over it. It was his preface; but imagine my pain and indignation to note that, although he had spoken in the kindest way of my brother, who was, as you probably know, the first volunteer who fell in the war of 1876, he minimised the enthusiasm, and, to a certain extent, ridiculed the feeling which led the Russians to espouse the cause of the Eastern Christians. A bright fire was burning in the grate, and I exclaimed, 'I would rather all the kind things you have said about my brother be burnt than they should be printed on paper which also contains such horrors about my country. Give it to me and let me throw it into the fire.' 'Well, well,' said my old friend; 'take a pencil, and let us see what must come out.' And now the preface stands as revised by me—that is, with about three-quarters of what Kinglake wrote left out."

Like all educated Russians, Madame Novikoff both speaks and writes French and English as well

as her mother-tongue. She it was who first introduced to English readers Count Tolstoi's beautiful parable "What Makes People to Live," and that long before the great writer had become the fashion; but now most of her work deals in some form or other with the political and social problems which are absorbing so much of the attention of both Russia and England.

"I never write unless I think I have something that ought to be said," she answered, when interrogated as to her literary work. "I read everything that is published about Russia, and I always do my best to make England understand what my country really is like. Oh, how I wish I had the miraculous gift of curing moral blindness! Scarcely a day passes but some example of absolute ignorance comes across me. Take, for instance, the Woman Question. I once attended a meeting in England where the condition of Russian women was spoken of with pity. Now, our sex is so well treated in Russia that there is practically no Women's Rights Movement. Your Married Women's Property Act is but a quite recent thing; in my country the marriage laws are really fair, and a woman has, both before and after her marriage, absolute control over her own property. As for our girls, they are well educated in the best sense of the word, and the condition of the poor and unhappy is a question that occupies many minds. Fortunately, our young Empress shows a true interest in her husband's people. During the last year, she has captivated the hearts of all by her generous disposition and her gracious charm of manner."



MADAME NOVIKOFF.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Mr. Balfour cannot be congratulated on the way in which he has left his new Procedure Rule. He has left it hanging with all the ends ragged, or perhaps, it would be truer to say that he has left it in a hopeless tangle. I confess that this is not unlike Mr. Balfour; with all his gifts and graces, he is not a man of business; and he has not learned what a great authority declared to be the mark of genius, namely, the art of taking pains. The consequence is that his Rule, carelessly and inaccurately drawn up, has suffered the most damaging criticism, and has been passed in a form which renders it absolutely unworkable. No one knows—and Mr. Balfour cannot tell—whether the unsettled votes in Committee are to be put on the final evening in a bundle or one by one. The first method would be a monstrous and impossible evolution, for it may mean that the House of Commons may be asked to vote twenty or thirty millions without one word of discussion. The second would mean an incredible and impossible number of divisions, which would keep the House walking through the Division Lobby for night after night. What is to be said of a Leader who thus slurs his points and misleads his followers? Mr. Balfour is in no better position in regard to his other proposal for permitting members to withdraw clauses of a Bill which they have in charge without discussion. Is the motion for withdrawal to be made when the House meets or only when the Bill is under discussion? Mr. Balfour does not say, and, apparently, does not know. With regard to his larger proposal concerning the Estimates, the Leader of the House did indeed hint at a Committee for deciding the exact method of procedure, but his half-pledge has been withdrawn, and to-day the whole business is hung up and absolutely obscure.

THE NAVY.

Meanwhile, the talk of the week has been all about the Navy. Mr. Goschen's proposals are very large, and yet, in a sense, they are not large enough. We are practically committed to a new expenditure of nearly eighteen millions, to be spread over the next three years. We are putting in hand a fleet sufficient in itself to send the German Navy to the bottom of the sea, and yet we are making no very serious effort to increase the number of men. The stupidity of this was thoroughly exposed by Sir Charles Dilke on Thursday evening, and Mr. Goschen has given no answer to it.

There is another point on which Radical criticism has a great deal centred, and that is the absence of any disclosure of the reason for these huge armaments. We are collecting a fleet such as the world has never seen. In the last seven years we have built 106 ships; in the next seven years we are going to build 126. Against whom are we building them? Everybody thinks, and everybody says beneath his breath, that it is against France and Russia; but is there any serious danger from these quarters, and, above all, is there serious danger of invasion? I question whether any Power in the world seriously contemplates such a piece of madness as the invasion of England or a direct attack upon our colonial possessions. Diplomatic pressure we shall have to face here and there; manœuvres may be made to get us out of Egypt; our trade is undoubtedly threatened by France and Russia in the Far East; and we are exposed to the dangers which unquestionably do arise from the vast and almost miraculous increase of Russian power and prestige. But we know nothing of any immediate or present peril, and the Government will tell us nothing. Of course, the Opposition are powerless, and we shrug our shoulders and shake our heads in the Lobby; but voting-power there is none, and of a defined policy there is very little.

HOW IT IS WITH THE OPPOSITION.

This reminds me that things are not going altogether smoothly within the bosom of the Opposition. There was a deplorable example of want of leadership on Wednesday afternoon, when a brief little Tory Bill, for the acquisition of workmen's dwellings, was under discussion. Mr. Asquith and one or two other leaders had come down to the House brimming over with wrath against the Bill, and quite prepared to speak against it. However, they found that Sir Henry Fowler, though he has ordinarily very little weight among his colleagues, had committed the Party in the Session of 1893 in favour of the Bill, and Sir William Harcourt was declaring, *ore rotundo*, that Mr. Fowler must be backed up. The result was a total collapse of the Front Bench. Sir William left the House, and all his colleagues kept silence, with the exception of Sir Henry Fowler, who made a brief little speech in favour of the Bill, while Mr. Burns and the bulk of the Radicals were thundering against it.

THE RADICAL AGITATION.

There is a strong Radical agitation, led by Mr. Labouchere, but sympathised in by men of all shades of Radical opinion, in favour of the separation of the National Liberal Federation from the Central Association. The first body is, of course, the Whips' department, the second is—or should be—the central representative of Radical Associations. The two bodies are practically one, have the same secretary, and live comfortably in the same house. The Radicals say that the body which approaches the Leader with a popular policy in its hand should have nothing whatever to do with the body that officially represents the Leader, and I see no way of meeting this contention. Mr. Ellis, the Liberal Whip, is standing firm, and will have no change. The Radicals, on their part, threaten to stay away from the Federation Meeting at Huddersfield, and a very considerable row is on hand. I fancy the Whips will have to give way, but there will be a tough fight before any settlement is arrived at.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Why should complicated statements about finance be made in the House at all? Only a scanty modicum of members turned up to listen to Mr. Goschen's big speech on the Navy Estimates. They knew it would be in the newspapers next day, and that three clear days were given in which to assimilate the figures. No wonder they preferred not to waste time by listening to Mr. Goschen's recitation—not a lively business, for, apart altogether from the intricacies of the subject, Mr. Goschen is not endowed by nature with the most attractive of voices or the most graceful of oratorical methods. However, the big speech duly came off, and the whole world now knows that England means to have the largest Navy ever known, regardless of expense. The First Lord's little revelation about the use of this year's surplus (some five millions) for the Navy anticipates the Budget speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on an important point. But I gather that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will have a good deal more to say on this subject when his time comes. The reduction of the National Debt has gone on very fast lately, without our letting this large surplus go to it, as in the ordinary way it would. The Government's new naval programme has been accepted without any real sign of opposition from anywhere. The general opinion is that it is a good all-round one, which tackles a great many points without being specially great on any. Most of the naval men seem to think, however, that a larger increase in the *personnel* than 4900 is necessary. It is rather characteristic of the Treasury that a round number should be so carefully avoided. It might just as well have been 5000; but 15,000 is nearer what is really wanted. Mr. Balfour's answer to Sir Charles Dilke on this point was altogether too light and airy for such a serious subject.

THE ARMENIAN FIZZLE.

The Armenian debate was a very poor affair—in fact, a regular fizzle. Instead of a rousing attack on the Government, like that of Lord Rosebery the same evening at the Eighty Club, the Atrocity party only got as far as proposing a tame resolution expressing sympathy with the Christians of Asia Minor, and hoping that they would be better soon. Nobody attended the debate except the members who wanted to speak and a few junior Ministers. Sir Edward Grey represented the Opposition, and Mr. Curzon (who made the characteristic remark that he had read more about the subject than anybody else) the Government. Mr. Samuel Smith was hopelessly dull. Mr. Bryce did just manage to work himself up into asserting that the Government of Turkey existed solely in order to rob and murder its subjects. But the whole affair was so tame that even "Tommy" Bowles failed to bring off the brilliant oration he has been keeping in reserve from the beginning of the Session. The fact is that, a few enthusiasts apart, the whole House is sick of the Armenian question, and only too ready to combine to hush-up our diplomatic fiasco, for it must be admitted that it was nothing less.

RADICAL DISCOMFORT.

Sir Alfred Hickman's Workmen's Dwellings Bill was read a second time by a majority of 185. This Bill practically coincides with Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that working-men should be enabled to buy their own houses by a loan from the municipality; and while the rest of the Chamberlain Programme seems to hang fire, it is satisfactory that this Bill should now have a chance of being licked into shape in Committee. As it stands, it is not perfect; but it is an experiment which the Unionist Party is quite prepared to try. Of course, the Radicals don't half like it. The Bill looks too much like making the artisan a Conservative! And Sir Henry Fowler got a regular "hauling over the coals" from some of the more outspoken Radicals for giving it even a qualified support. This is rather hard on the respected ex-Secretary of State for India; but, then, Sir Henry must make allowances for a Party which is not quite at ease with itself just now. The row between the Radical section and the official Liberals came to a head last week, and there was open talk of a "split in the Party." Sir William Harcourt need not have minded telling the malcontents to "secesh," if they had a mind to. But is it not characteristic of the common sense of a Party, in a minority of 150, to begin quarrelling at once among themselves? As for the Irish, they give no help to their *quondam* allies. Tim Healy had a bad cold last week, and Mr. Dillon had a respite; but that will not last.

VENEZUELA AND THE TRANSVAAL.

Interest in the Venezuelan and South African troubles has been stimulated again, by the Blue Book in the first case, and by the question of the terms of "Dr. Jim's" surrender in the other. Mr. Chamberlain's long explanation on this latter point was by no means satisfactory. If President Krüger had acted in good faith, then Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir Jacobus de Wet must be blamed for not finding out the facts better. There can be no mistake about the feeling in the Conservative Party in this matter. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury are both trusted to maintain British interests against President Krüger or President Cleveland; but anything in the way of our being "done" or surrendering will qualify this feeling in ways which may be rather startling. There is an impression that our diplomacy, in spite of the evident willingness of the nation to back it to any extent, is not proving as effective as it ought; and, after the Armenian fiasco, this is not a state of affairs at all pleasing to the rank and file of a Party which has such an overwhelming political preponderance, and would like to see it made the most of.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 6.55; to-morrow, 6.57; March 13, 6.58; March 14, 7.0; March 15, 7.2; March 16, 7.4; March 17, 7.5. When to extinguish:—To-day, 5.24; to-morrow, 5.22; March 13, 5.20; March 14, 5.17; March 15, 5.15; March 16, 5.13; March 17, 5.10.

Bicycling is more a useful than an ornamental recreation. I regard it somewhat as Mr. Aubrey Beardsley does in the picture which accompanies these lines. Those who look well on wheels are not so numerous as those who are graceful on skates.



THE BICYCLIST A LA BEARDSLEY.

Still, so many of the joys of life are artless. I incline to agree with those who believe that the bicycle has come to stay. You have a wonderful exaltation of mind and body as you cleave through the crowded streets of town; and what is more delightful than a tour in France, where the roads are beautifully kept and slightly undulated?

The ideal rider last season was supposed to be an American lady, Mrs. Rotch; and those who saw her at Homburg professed to discover that it was because she had a little cushion hidden under the folds of her dress at the back she managed to sit

higher on her "machine" than anybody else. It was noticed that she always fell behind her companions when she mounted; and it was surmised that this cushion required some careful fixing. Her bicycle was American. Only three of the kind had been made, and there was said to be something slightly different in the action of the pedals. Sir George Lewis's young daughter was another very good rider at Homburg, and the Prince of Wales marked his appreciation of her skill by presenting her with a diamond brooch. This year everyone is "riding high," and to jump into the saddle and be off at once is a point of honour with all the smart riders.

Among the prettiest riders I have seen may be included Lady Lurgan, Lady Cairns, Lady Norreys, Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, Mrs. Charrington, and Lady Griffin. How Lady Norreys' skill was noised abroad I do not know. She was only twice in Battersea Park all last year, and I have not heard of her being once in Hyde Park. I saw her first riding in Park Lane; and, without knowing who she was, admired her pretty, trim figure and neat seat. Afterwards I saw her when she took part in a musical ride at Trafalgar Square, and she, Lady Cairns, and Mrs. Charrington vied with one another in doing most difficult figures. Mrs. Grenfell, who has achieved big distances, is another very graceful rider; but the prettiest bicycling I have ever seen was done by Mrs. Moss, whose husband gives lessons at the International Hall, in Regent Street: she has a lissom, swaying movement which I have never seen in anybody else.

There is a general tendency, however, to sacrifice gracefulness to skill; and wonderful are the feats which one hears of or sees. Miss Muriel Wilson rides through the crowded Hurl streets holding up her parasol; Lady Cairns has ventured to go downhill with three other bicyclists abreast, all holding hands but not touching the handles; and not only men, but ladies, take delight in winding themselves through the traffic at Hyde Park Corner with hands in their pockets or in their muffs.

As for cycling-dress, in sober England we shall for some time wear the ordinary plain skirt, which is not necessarily very narrow if it is well cut, so that the fulness neatly divides itself at the back, and falls gracefully at either side of the saddle. Mrs. Davies, the wife of an American judge, and Lady Parker have both worn skirts which measured five yards round, yet always fell well at the back; but there is another American pattern, which I have seen worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Arthur Paget, which fits the figure quite closely. Nothing looks neater than Busvine's plain skirt of heavy cloth, unlined; and this keeps down very well indeed if worn over silk knickerbockers. In France you seldom see a skirt. Riding in a hot sun, with the wind pressing your skirt so that it feels like iron bars against your knees, can reduce the stoutest heart to despair. Knickerbockers seem the only possible wear when you have to do long distances in spite of wind and weather. The divided skirt may be a happy compromise between the ordinary skirt and the knickerbockers, but I have not seen it working, and theories are so often spoilt by practice. The 'Tam o' Shanter is quite the smartest headgear, and the sailor-hat is cool wear in hot weather, although it catches the wind. Sailor-hats and Tam o' Shanters are never out of fashion.

Most people have heard of Lady Warwick's white costume, which she regularly wears in the neighbourhood of Warwick Castle, but, all the same, it created quite a sensation when one day it appeared in Hyde Park. Lady Warwick rides a white "Singer," which has quite a ghostly effect when combined with a white frock, white gloves, and white hat. There was only one touch of colour in the whole turn-out when she wore this costume in town, and that was a pair of small brown boots.

Cycling has opened a wide world to women, who have hitherto only seen places which they could reach in a carriage or by rail, or the places within walking distance of their homes. It has given them a taste of independence, with more of freedom and fresh air than they have ever managed to obtain before; but there is a danger still to be faced, and that is the tramp who is so frequently found in deserted country roads and lanes. It would be easy for him to stop any lady by throwing something across her path, or by literally putting a "spoke in her wheel"; and one or two cases of assault would very soon put an end to any solitary journeys. In some parts of France there have been robberies already, and a little precaution beforehand is worth a great deal of subsequent cure.

It will be interesting for all bicyclists to know that the big building just finished in Knightsbridge will be a cycling club, under the direction of Admiral Maxse and the Committee of Prince's Club. The large hall is for learning or practising figures; and the rest of the space is devoted to dressing-rooms, reading-rooms, and a salon for refreshments. There is an idea that people will breakfast or lunch there before or after their ride in the Park, and it will certainly be a convenience for them to have some place in which they can leave their steeds. Moreover, a club in such a central place fulfils a social want.

Caution is carried to extreme limits in Vienna, where every male rider desirous of disporting upon the cycle is compelled to undergo an examination by the police, in order to demonstrate his riding ability. Ladies do not dare in this enlightened city to venture in the saddle in the public streets, because of public opinion.

I understand that Sir Salter Pyne has been busily engaged at Coventry purchasing bicycles for the Ameer, and he has given an order for several machines to be despatched to Kabul immediately. The members of the Ameer's harem are all to be supplied with bicycles of the best make, and if they are not happy now, when will they be?

They are becoming careful in France. The new cycling regulations are now in force. The orders include the lighting of lamps at sunset, the



LADY NORREYS.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

licensing of each machine, and the carrying of a bell which can be heard at a distance of fifty yards. In future the cycle may be wheeled along the footpath; and, outside the towns, may even be ridden on the footpath where repairs or cobbles are met with.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The fate of nations depends upon Saturday next. On that day will be decided whether England or Ireland or Scotland or Wales is to be hailed the champion country at Rugby football, or whether the proud title will be tied for. The situation is desperately exciting, and public interest has reached its zenith.

At present Ireland stands in the best position, but the outlook is so unique that it is by no means certain whether the Shamrock will flourish triumphantly at the close. It is in this respect that Ireland holds the advantage. She need not necessarily defeat Wales in order to assure for herself the premiership, so long as she can avoid defeat, and also so long as England does not conquer Scotland. Perhaps the situation will be clearer in the appended table, showing at a glance how the countries have fared so far—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Ireland ...	2	1	0	1	10 to 4
England ...	2	1	1	0	25 to 10
Wales ...	2	1	1	0	6 to 25
Scotland ...	2	0	1	1	0 to 6

From this it will at once be seen that Scotland cannot possibly be champion, not even if she manage to defeat England, and Wales and Ireland play a draw. So much for what cannot be. But it is unprofitable to anticipate contingencies, and it may be better to discuss the merits of the two great games after their decision on Saturday next.

Arthur Whitehead is one of the cleverest amateur footballers in the South of England. Perhaps, after saying that, it is almost unnecessary

to add that he is a Scotsman. He was born in Aberdeenshire on March 3, 1875, and learnt his football in the Scottish Northern League. More than once he has represented his county. Five years ago, Whitehead came South, and immediately joined the London Caledonians F.C., for which he has done service ever since. Standing 5 ft. 8½ in., and weighing 10 st. 7 lb., Whitehead combines with a wondrous command over the ball a fine presence of mind on the field. Perhaps his chief drawback is his moderate pace, and his shooting might also be more accurate; but these faults do not detract to any extent from his immense usefulness. Whitehead is one of the most modest of footballers, and he is a credit to the noble winter sport.



ARTHUR WHITEHEAD.

CRICKET.

Not the least notable feature in connection with the tour of Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers in South Africa has been the consistent batting of C. B. Fry. It has not been plain sailing for the old Oxonian. He does not go in when plenty of runs have been made, and he has given ample proof of the possession of that great quality, pluck, at trying times.

Take the second representative match, for instance. Sir T. C. O'Brien and Lohmann opened the batting, and both were dismissed for a grand total of 2. At this stage "Charles the Second" made his appearance, and the aspect of the game at once changed. Fry, partnered by Hayward, hit out with the utmost confidence and freedom, and before he left 64 had been credited to him.

Hayward went on batting in fine, crisp style, and had the pleasure of registering his first century in the tour. When he had secured three figures, the young Surreyite appeared to become a trifle reckless, and, with his figures at 122, he was beautifully caught in the long field by Routledge. I have always noticed this trait in Hayward. Up to a certain point his batting is the quintessence of perfection in style, but he is inclined to take liberties with the bowling, and that is why he has never succeeded in passing the second century. Cricketers, as a rule, are dogmatic of disposition, and the more experienced and successful batsmen are just as careful when they have run up their century as before they have broken their "duck."

In the second representative match Lord Hawke's team beat South Africa almost as easily as at the first time of asking. We made 482, and dismissed the opposition for totals of 151 and 134, Lohmann capturing nine wickets for 28 runs, and three for 43. Towards the close of the Englishmen's innings, a fine stand was made by C. W. Wright (the Notts man) and H. R. Bromley-Davenport (the Cestrian), who compiled 71 and 84 respectively. Sinclair made 40 and 29 for the Cape, and Halliwell 13 and 41, but I understand that the selection of the eleven caused some dissatisfaction.

Previous to the second match against All Africa, Lord Hawke's team defeated a Fifteen of Pretoria by five wickets, after a very interesting

game. Pretoria went in first, and were all disposed of for 167 runs, to which the visitors responded with seven less. At the second attempt the Pretorians fell badly, all being dismissed for 87, and the Englishmen knocked off the runs for the loss of five batsmen, O'Brien making 35 not out. In the first innings Lohmann compiled a sparkling innings of 50 not out, but the top score of the match was made on the other side, by Korsten, with 59 runs to his name.

SWIMMING.

The recent council-meeting of the Scottish Amateur Swimming Association produced some very interesting discussions. A motion to discontinue the International water-polo match against England was lost by only one vote, and it was subsequently agreed to play the match as usual this year in London, and that the guarantee of £10 by the home association should be discontinued. Propositions to revise graceful swimming and graceful diving conditions and to alter several rules in the constitution of the Association were remitted to committees.

GOLF.

The Parliamentary Golf Handicap, which this season attracted an entry of ninety, is already under weigh, and will doubtless provide interesting sport, as usual. The competitors are, of course, limited to members of both Houses and members of the Press Gallery, among the most notable of the entrants being Mr. A. J. Balfour, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. Thomas Cochrane, Mr. Anstruther, and Mr. Graham Murray. Contrary to rumour, Furzedown is not the only course to be played on. Competitors are permitted to agree among themselves. Mr. Anstruther and Mr. H. W. Forster, the latter of whom will be recognised as the onetime famous Oxford and Hampshire cricketer, supersede Sir H. Maxwell, resigned, and Lord Granby on the Committee of the Parliamentary Golf Handicap.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Lincoln Handicap is set for decision on Quarter Day, and wagering over this event has become more lively of late. Clorane, who is to be ridden by M. Cannon, is greatly fancied by some of the best judges of racing, and I believe it is a fact that Mr. Bassett's horse won the Hunt Cup cleverly from Victor Wild, although the followers of the latter said he would have gained the fiat in another yard. I think Easter Gift is a horse likely to go close at Lincoln, and I feel confident, if Minstrel Boy is at his best, he will take a lot of beating. It is worthy of note that "the Boy" is not entered in any of the other handicaps, so he is going out for the Carholme event.

Matters have become somewhat mixed so far as the Grand National is concerned. Cathal and Horizon are both under a cloud, which makes the affair more open. I expect, when the finish comes, we shall find Ardearn and Why Not very well supported. The latter was used to try the horses that won the National Hunt Steeplechases at Hurst Park, and the old horses must be in form. Rory O'More takes a lot of riding. He is a fearful puller and a fidgety horse, so there is a chance of his falling. I am told Father O'Flynn is very likely to win once more. I should not hesitate to recommend his chance if the mount were given to a good professional jockey.

The stay-at-home backer has more information to trade on, as a rule, than the plunger who follows the racecourse. Take the single case of horses arrived. A man in the London clubs is given on the tape all the latest arrivals at, say, Sandown, while the sportsman in the Esher Enclosure has no idea what has arrived since he saw his morning paper; further, he cannot even guess at the probable runners, and has to wait for the numbers to go up. I think all stable-lads should, by rule, be compelled to report the arrival of horses under their charge to the Clerk of the Course at once, while the latter ought to be made exhibit the horses' names on a notice-board in a prominent place.

Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, the Assistant Handicapper to the Jockey Club, thinks the Handicaps fail to receive their full complement of entries nowadays owing to the big prizes offered for two-year-old races. I am of the same opinion. It is a remarkable fact that since the bookmakers have found the money for running so many racing enclosures, five-furlong sprints have been the order of the day. The Stewards of the Jockey Club ought not to allow more than three races to be run at five furlongs during any one afternoon. Further, I think there should each day be a race of two miles decided.

Charles Wood has to wait until the Newmarket Meeting before a decision is come to as to his riding licence. It seems to me that in this matter the Stewards of the Jockey Club are not consulting Wood's interests at all. They are simply anxious to find how the cat jumps. It was, in my opinion, very unfortunate for C. Wood that Lord Durham and Sir George Chetwynd fell out, although, I believe, they are the best of friends now. Yet the opinion of the whole Jockey Club has to be obtained on Wood's case, I presume, because the Stewards fancy there may be some little differences to discuss.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Chiné silk always is and has been a veritable thing of beauty, but this season it will be introduced to us under a new aspect, its indistinct shades and patterns doubly veiled by net in two contrasting colours, and the suggestion thus obtained being even more fascinating than the full display of its beauty.

There is a cape, for instance, which some thrice-blessed person will have the chance of wearing, which is of chiné glacé, the black ground strewn with a design of ivy-leaves and berries, where the most delicate tones of mauve, green, blue, crimson, and pink all find a place, though it is difficult to trace them individually when they are covered by two net flounces, the one in a somewhat brilliant shade of green veiling black, and put on with only a suggestion of fulness. The cape proper terminates at the sides, and the front is of the double net, held in to the figure at the waist by a bunch of velvet ivy-leaves, reproducing all the colours of the silk. One of the prettiest features of this very pretty thing is a quaint hood of silk lined with net, its fulness drawn into



pleats over the shoulders, and there being allowed to escape in long ends; and then, last but not least, there is a ruffled collar of net, with clusters of ivy-leaves nestling at the sides. It is one of the most beautiful harmonies in colour that I have ever seen, and, altogether, even its description leads you to suppose that it is the production of Kate Reily, does it not?—a supposition which is perfectly correct, for it was at her salons at 11 and 12, Dover Street, that this cape and I were introduced.

I had drifted there once more, drawn as by magnetic attraction, and found as a reward some new garments, any one of which was enough to enslave the feminine fancy, and attach it to Kate Reily for ever and a day.

We have had one cape, so now for an entire change. Think of one with a perfectly plain, tight-fitting top of black velvet, covered with embroidered lawn, the escaping fulness beneath the shoulders being of broad black satin ribbon, arranged in pleats and bordered with a ruche of satin and jet chiffon. Then come large revers of brilliant rose-pink satin, and a notable novelty in the form of buttons and long buttonholes of tiny flashing diamonds.

And there is a coat, too, of the sack-backed variety, which demands notice, made as it is in dove-coloured cloth, the full sleeves drawn into deep cuffs cut in square tabs, and embroidered with tiny blue flowers, their petals outlined with gold, this same embroidery appearing again in the lace frills which fall over the hands. This scheme of trimming is, indeed, carried out in the whole coat, which, moreover, boasts of the most fascinating little embroidered buttons, the centres being each one in a different colour, blue following green, and mauve pink, for instance; while at the neck the tabbed collar has a touch of green velvet inside, which is exceedingly becoming to the complexion.

If you want to provide these garments with a fitting crown, you must look at Kate Reily's hats—they are visions of beauty—and flowers, one

particularly lovely hat having a Tam o' Shanter crown of brown straw, edged round with tightly massed roses, all soft green and pink.

The brim is of green straw, veiled with mauve tulle, and trimmed high at the left side with loops of green and mauve shot glacé and violet velvet—a wonderful combination of colour, and a very beautiful one, moreover—while the shape, as you can judge by our sketch, is a particularly becoming one. After all this glory of green and violet, brown and pink, I wonder if you can come down to the more sober, but eminently *chic*, realities of our second sketch, where a quaintly shaped toque, all glittering jet, just softened by a touch of tulle, has for sole trimming clusters of snow-white gardenias and their glossy green leaves?

So smart is it that, for the moment, it makes you inclined to forswear colours for the rest of your natural life, especially when the attractions of the toque are doubled by the addition of a cloudy neck-ruffle of white chiffon, edged narrowly with black ribbon-velvet.

I have affectionate memories, too, of some crinoline hats, which, though they may not sound attractive, are exceedingly smart in appearance. One, in black, is trimmed with a foam of black tulle, a high osprey, and clusters of wonderful leaves in green gauze, veined and edged with



glittering green sequins, while another, of cornflower-blue crinoline, is edged with a ruche of chiffon, and round the crown has a twist of green glacé, giving place at the left side to a curious erection of tulle, held up by a Jacob's ladder in diamonds. Floral hats there are, of course, in profusion, pink roses and many leaves being massed together, with a high bunch of mauve iris-blossoms as a relief, and roses combining with gardenias or lilies-of-the valley—in fact, it seems to be roses, roses, all the way, as far as millinery is concerned, and, slowly but surely, the violet is gracefully retreating to its annual summer banishment.

And now my conscience pricks me on account of some gowns which have not deserved so long a neglect—perfect creations, which demand respectful admiration, and for the wearing of which there is only one fitting preparation, and that is the purchase of a pair of Kate Reily's corsets, which you will find in the *lingerie* department. Once there, lost in rapt contemplation of exquisite lawns and laces, it will be a difficult task to drag yourself away.

And now as to these dresses—the most vivid impression was left on my mind by a gown of tomato-red alpaca, of the very coarse variety, the skirt and sleeve seams piped, while finely tucked lawn composed the cuffs, jabot, and collar, in conjunction with touches of black satin, and a bandana handkerchief formed the sides of the vest, and played an important part in the general uniquely striking effect. Then, if you desire an ideal evening-dress, there comes to me a vision of palest pink satin, with a deep corselet of jewelled embroidery, and a foam of chiffon and lace at the *décolletage*, while one great spray of roses trails its full-blown flowers, its half-opened buds, and its tender-green leaves from shoulder to waist at the left side.

A tea-gown for Princess Henry of Pless, at which Kate Reily granted me a peep, was the embodiment of fresh loveliness, carried out as it was in white accordion-pleated chiffon, with insertion bands of yellowish lace let in all round the skirt; while the bodice was crossed by a softly frilled

fichu, where the lace again plays an important part, and which seemed a fitting conclusion to this dream of beautiful dresses.

Just at present Dame Fashion's ideas seem to be bounded on the one side by alpacas, and on the other by mohair, with, perhaps, an occasional straying into the paths of the twill coatings beloved by the tailor-made contingent, and our views are consequently, as in loyalty bound, equally cribbed and confined.

Not that, for one moment, I would disparage the charms of either material, for they are beyond question, and a well-made alpaca or mohair gown is calculated to be a joy for at least two seasons, which is the nearest approach to the poetical "for ever."

But, for use later in the season, vistas of the new grass-lawns, and all the array of washing materials, open gaily before us, and, as far as I can see, we shall have very special opportunities for making ourselves charming to behold with dainty summery costumes and fascinating bodices which will be blouses in all but name. Can you not imagine, for instance, something of the charm of a dress of grass-lawn, striped narrowly with green silk, its transparent texture rendering a lining of



brilliant green glacé a delightful necessity, while pale blue, pink, mauve, white, and yellow are the other colours which respectively adorn its surface and make it one of the prettiest fabrics of the year?

Moreover, these grass-lawns will wash, and they are only 1s. 4½d. a-yard, facts which I discovered when I was going through a great boxful of Egerton Burnett's new dress-materials, and endeavouring to pin my roving fancy down to one or two special fabrics, while it insisted on proclaiming aloud the fact of how happy it could be with at least twenty! And yet, in spite of the sadness of having to cast aside patterns which suggest infinite possibilities in the shape of alluring dresses, I know of few joys to equal that of making a voyage of discovery through a box of dress-patterns, and especially such a box as Mr. Egerton Burnett sends out from his famous serge warehouse at Wellington, Somerset, for you have, to begin with, the comfortable certainty that everything bearing his name will infallibly be all that you could wish as regards quality, and almost more than you could dare to expect in moderation of price, and then you will go on to be genuinely delighted with the wonderful variety of materials and designs.

Altogether, if you want to spend a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, send to him for a box of patterns, and give yourself up to the delight of planning out your new summer dresses. Of course, you must have a serge, with the holidays looming in the near distance, and there are scores for you to choose from, their price commencing at the modest shilling a-yard, while, once having settled on this necessary of feminine existence, you can devote yourselves to the alpacas.

I have fallen in love with the particular variety known as the "Empress"—it is 5s. 6d. a-yard certainly, but then, it is of wonderful quality, and, moreover, double width—and a contemplation of the pattern in dark but bright blue has conjured up the vision of a dress with a smart little coat-bodice, open in front, and rounding off into full, short basques, while the place of a vest is taken by a cascade of chiffon—blue over brilliant green—banded in at the waist with satin ribbon; the rucked sleeves might be of blue chiffon over green glacé, with a frill of the alpaca at the shoulder to disguise their tightness, as suggested in our sketch, though, indeed, you could carry it out in the No. 13 alpaca (at 3s. 4d.) with equal success, the colours in the latter case being even more varied. There is shot Sicilian, too, at three shillings a-yard, a fancy alpaca (at 3s. 9d.) in delicate greys and browns, and also in white, which will appeal to others, and, apart from the alpacas, the diagonal and twill coatings and the coating serges are unequalled for plain, tailor-made gowns. As to price, they range from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. a-yard, and there are enough colours to suit any and every complexion.

Egerton Burnett was also the means of introducing me to a delightful silk-velvet brocade, where the black ground was adorned with line stripes in blue, pink, yellow, or white, and was also patterned with tiny black crescents and stars. It is a particularly effective material, and the fact that it is only half-a-crown a-yard lends an additional charm to its appearance, while the "Coventry" and the "Loire" are alike in being priced at 3s. 9d., though their designs are entirely different, the former being simply decorated with a tiny silken spot, producing a shot effect, while the latter has a curious loop-stripe design in colours on a black ground.

I think that between these various fabrics we shall be able to clothe ourselves to our perfect satisfaction till the month of roses brings us to that silk-striped grass-lawn, which, as it is only 1s. 4½d. a-yard, will allow you to be somewhat extravagant in the matter of a silk lining, while the silk-weft tussorees can also be considered in the same light as prospective dresses.

Then, for the making of summer blouses, I have discovered an absolutely ideal fabric—only 10½d. a-yard—in crinkled cotton in most effective parsley designs, two shades of blue on a white ground and a particularly pretty variety of mauve being specially desirable; and may I also—as I have been all along this pattern-lined road myself—direct you to the dainty printed muslins, where tiny roses, mauve, blue, or pink, trail over a white ground in company with diminutive green leaves and sprays of forget-me-nots, and all for 10½d. a-yard? while for shirts and blouses there is, at one penny less, a muslin-like fabric of infinite capacities as far as washing is concerned, where narrow blue, mauve, pink, or yellow stripes are interspersed with tiny black spots; and again, also for blouses, there is a striped chiffon in various combinations, notably pale green with black, and yellow with white, which positively demands immediate purchase.

There is, I well remember, a washing-lawn (B. 28) at sixpence, which will make charming shirts for boating or yachting dresses, patterned as it is with tiny pink or blue anchors on a white ground, and any number of silk-weft washing materials, the very loveliest of which (at 1s. 10½d.) has an aspect akin to tussore silk, with open lace stripes outlined with pale-blue mauve or green, as the case may be. One more cotton fabric which most successfully emulates the fashionable chiné is wonderful value for ninepence a-yard; and striped cotton crêpon in blue or pink and white at the same price is charming. But to say more will be to make your diving experiments in this wonderful box less exciting and interesting, so, though there are dozens of other patterns which I must thrust back into obscurity, while they are crying aloud for notice, I must leave you now, having set you on the right road—by name Egerton Burnett—to continue your researches without a guide. FLORENCE.

The new hon. secretary and hon. treasurer of the Southdown and Brighton Ladies' Golf Club are Miss Crunden, Oak Hall, Burgess Hill, and Miss Dickinson, Woodside, Burgess Hill, respectively.

The professional golf tournament at Pau brought about the unusual spectacle of two defeats in three matches for Taylor, the open champion. Taylor's successes during the past year over all-comers had inclined us to the belief that the champion was unbeatable. He had not been beaten since that friendly match with Andrew Kirkcaldy, just before the last open-championship. In spite of his two defeats by A. Simpson and Lloyd at Pau, Taylor divided the first prize with Simpson, Auchterlonie, and that greatly improved player, Vardon, who made the best score of the tournament, by doing the course in 75.

An interview with Mr. George Henschel, the well-known composer and conductor, and his talented wife, which affords many interesting glimpses of the early careers of these two favourites of the musical public, is one of the features of the March number of the new monthly *Album*. Miss Belloc contributes an interesting article on the Pioneer Club, the first of a series descriptive of "Feminine Clubland," and Mr. Will B. Robinson's delicate representation of some of the picturesque glories of Rouen and Falaise are worthy of his growing reputation as an artist. A consideration of Mr. R. Caton Woodville's work forms the third study of "Leading Artists of the Illustrated Press," and among the other articles which make up a most varied number is one on the nine ladies of title who occupy the office of Mayoress during the current year. The special distinction of the number, however, lies in the beauty of its four supplement plates reproduced in mezzotint from pictures by Yeend King and other well-known artists.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 24.

THE LAST OF THE RECEIVERSHIPS.

It is with a feeling of the utmost consternation that the breakdown of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has been received. That the system was suffering some financial embarrassment was known, but it seemed incredible that a road of so good a reputation would fail to obtain the necessary assistance to tide it over the temporary trouble. Indeed, a syndicate was actually formed to finance the system for the time being, and nobody could have expected that this syndicate would refuse at the last moment to carry through the arrangements.

It was pretty evident that there was something more in the collapse of the road than met the eye; and so it has turned out. Mr. Little, the railway expert who looked into the position of the Philadelphia and Reading and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé at the time of their respective Receiverships, has been examining the books, and it is understood that he has discovered the same corrupt book-keeping in this instance as he found in the case of the two roads mentioned. The scandalous cooking of accounts that was brought home to President McLeod and President Reinhart appears to have been emulated by President Mayer. Such a discovery makes one wonder whether there is such a thing as honesty in American Railroad management.

Since 1893, we have seen Receiverships for the Atchison, Reading, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Erie, Norfolk and Western, and now the Baltimore and Ohio. In every one of these cases it has been found on investigation that the published accounts did not convey any reliable idea of how the company stood. After such an experience, one wonders how the British public can touch American Railroad securities even with a ten-foot pole; and we have no patience with those market authorities who are loudly and continually expressing their surprise that the popular demand should have fallen off so much. It takes a great deal to teach the British public to avoid any group of stocks, but a string of seven Receiverships, each attended by revelations of bad faith on the part of those responsible for the accounts—sometimes by *declaratio falsi*, sometimes by *suppressio veri*—has driven the lesson home, with a vengeance.

But really this Baltimore and Ohio business is the worst of the lot, for, although the other systems in bankruptcy had been under suspicion for some time, the B. and O. had such an excellent past that it was generally looked upon as one of the soundest systems in the States. Between 1864 and 1887 it paid big dividends, fluctuating between 8 and 10 per cent. Its finances then became straitened, and although an issue of Consolidated Mortgage Bonds gave relief, dividends were altogether suspended until 1891, the surplus being devoted to the maintenance of the road. In that year more Common stock was issued, and a scrip dividend of 20 per cent. was distributed to compensate the shareholders for the four "lean years." A 5 per cent. dividend was paid regularly until 1894, when the last payment was made.

Although the shareholders got not a penny last year, the fact did not suggest to them that the road was on the verge of bankruptcy, for the annual report showed a substantial surplus for the Common stock. The surplus was nearly one and a-half million dollars for 1892-3, and for 1893-4 it was nearly one and a-quarter million dollars, while even in 1894-5 it was 639,000 dollars. How then has the road been compelled to default on six per cent. bonds? Simply because the accounts are a sham. While this aspect of prosperity was being maintained, the road was really in a condition of incipient bankruptcy, as Mr. Little's report will show when it comes out.

It is the curse of American Railroad finance that the Presidents have the power to pile up floating debts behind the backs of the bondholders and shareholders, and as these floating debts are the first claim on the assets, it simply comes to this, that the Presidents can at will create a marked Prior Lien to any extent. In each one of the Receivership cases we have named it was the pressure of this unwieldy floating debt that brought down the road, and it was only when the Company was bankrupt that anybody could ascertain what the floating debt actually was. In the last report of the Baltimore and Ohio some seven million dollars of floating debt is acknowledged; and, knowing the methods of Yankee Railroad "Bosses," we shall be very much surprised if Mr. Little does not discover that the real amount is not nearer twelve million dollars.

Fortunately, it is mostly in the bond issues of the road that the British public is interested, the shares having somehow failed to become a popular favourite over here. Until Mr. Little's report is published it is impossible to say how these bonds will fare, but, seeing the fall they have already suffered, we think the holders had better keep them. We have faith in the ultimate future of the road now that the management has been changed, and we are hopeful that the bond issues will not suffer in interest. These remarks apply also to the bonds of the subsidiary roads—the B. and O. South-Western, the Pittsburg and Connellsville, the Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Toledo, &c., which seem all secure enough.

THE LANCASHIRE AND EAST COAST RAILWAY GENERAL MANAGER.

There is no doubt that the appointment of Mr. Harry Willmott to the General Managership of the Lancashire and East Coast Railway is calculated to exercise a very beneficial influence on the future prospects of that line, for no better man could have been found to fill the post upon which so much depends. Mr. Willmott learnt his trade under the late Robert Moseley, who was Goods Manager of the Great Eastern Railway,

and gradually rose to the post of Goods Manager of the London end of that line. Under his superintendence the enormous alterations and improvements have been carried out at Liverpool Street Station, and to him, above all men, is the improved position of the Great Eastern Company due. On Wednesday last a most representative gathering of railway-men met at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, and, on the occasion of Mr. Willmott's severing his connection with the old line, presented him with a silver dinner-service, and Mrs. Willmott with a diamond bracelet.

THE PERUVIAN COMEDY.

It would be interesting to know whether the directors of the Peruvian Corporation really had any expectation that the scheme they submitted to the debenture-holders would go through. It certainly read as if they were riding for a fall. Most carefully did they explain that the quorum essential to pass the resolutions was fixed at one-half of the outstanding debentures, and "it will at once be obvious that no holder who can possibly attend the meeting should fail to do so." The

alternative to the passing of the resolutions was, they explained, with apparent regret, submission to the pending motion for the appointment of a receiver and manager. But what sort of a scheme was it in support of which the debenture-holders were called to rally in their thousands?

It was not a mere scaling-down to such an extent as would meet the necessities of the time. The Board actually suggested that the debenture-holders should exert themselves to form a quorum for the purpose of passing resolutions permanently cutting down the rate to a maximum of 4 per cent., whatever the future profits might be! Such a proposal would be much more likely to attract a quorum to defeat it. The circular did not allege the slightest reason for this policy of downright confiscation. Reasons of a very substantial nature were given for inability to pay the full interest *now or in the near future*, but that is a very different matter from cutting it down permanently. We cannot conceive any reason that could logically be adduced, except a desire to give the shareholders some remote contingent interest at the expense of the debenture-holders. Only a very self-sacrificing creditor would vote for that.

When the meeting came off there was not a quorum present, but it was gravely decided to play at passing resolutions; and, as nothing practical depended on what was done, a great deal of mock business was carried through in a business-like way. As the meeting could not sanction the directors' scheme—or any other—the Board gracefully abandoned theirs, and accepted alternative resolutions proposed by a committee of debenture-holders. It does not matter much what they were, but it may as well be put on record that this meeting agreed to the payment of the April coupon at the rate of 2 per cent. instead of 6 per cent.; to give time for the balance, and to postpone consideration of all other matters to some meeting which would be competent to deal with them. Further, those present amused themselves by passing a resolution that the quorum should be reduced to one quarter, "and that such alteration take place immediately on the passing of this resolution."

We do not find that this was received with laughter, which shows that Peruvian Corporation debenture-holders are destitute of the sense of humour. Imagine a meeting which is not a quorum solemnly voting that it shall be immediately on the passing of the resolution. On the same principle, every single debenture-holder can vote himself a quorum at home.

Very mysterious was the remark that it would have a bad effect in Peru if the representatives of the old Peruvian bondholders were squeezed out. That was given as the reason for the permanent scaling-down. The old Peruvian bondholders themselves were most effectively squeezed out by the prolonged default; then they were squeezed into the Peruvian Corporation. That Corporation is again being squeezed out by the Peruvian default in payment of the promised £80,000 per annum, the arrears of which amount to £215,000. Can it be possible that Mr. Grenfell was serious when he suggested, as a reason for confiscating part of the debenture-holders' right, the loyalty of the Peruvians to the representatives of their old victims?

Meantime, one important stroke of real business was done by the meeting in the appointment of an influential committee "to confer with the directors, and with power to formulate an arrangement to be submitted to a subsequent adjourned meeting of debenture-holders as to the future service of the debentures." The resolution also includes power "to represent the debenture-holders," but it is at least an open question whether a meeting which does not constitute a quorum for its specific purpose can confer such powers. That defect, if it exists, can easily be remedied at the subsequent adjourned meeting, and it is certainly a move in the right direction that some active steps should be taken. Anything is better than inaction, and a technical irregularity is, after all, a trifling matter in comparison with the characteristics of the Peruvian Congress.



MR. HARRY WILLMOTT.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

The general market for West Australian shares has been dull, and the force of the remarks we made last week has been amply borne out: "We want results, not lectures."

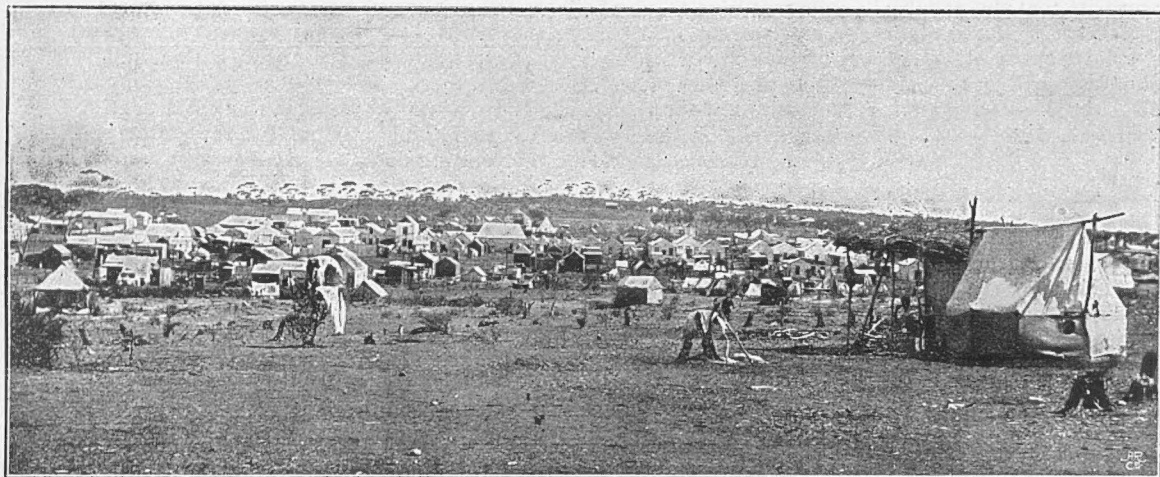
Some uneasiness has been caused by the telegram received about Burbank's, but those who know Professor William Nicholas's extreme caution are rather pleased than otherwise. Permanent crushing is to begin in a month, and the shareholders are warned not to expect an average of over four ounces to the ton. We can only say we never expected it, and our readers, many of whom, we are glad to say, are shareholders, will be quite satisfied if, at the end of twelve months, the average comes out at one-half the extraordinary result given by the last 500 tons.

As we prophesied, the Hannan's Mount Ferrum issue has gone off with an immense subscription, but before these lines are in print the allotment will have taken place. We trust our readers took our tip and applied for a few shares in one of the few good gold-mining concerns which have appeared this year.

Burbank's North is, we anticipate, likely to turn out well, but it will probably be easy to buy shares at or about par until results justify the reports of the experts. It will be good news for the Pilbarra Goldfields shareholders that Mr. William Straughan, who managed the Day Dawn Block and Wyndham in its palmiest days, has arrived at Bamboo Creek to take charge of their properties, and that they may reckon on having the development of the various mining-leases owned by their company and by the Bamboo Queen and Reward Mines, Limited, placed under the superintendence of one of the first gold-mining experts in Australia.

A SHARE TO BE AVOIDED.

Among the touting circulars which are flying about, one of the most audacious is issued by a person of the name of Claude Audain, of



COOLGARDIE IN THE EARLY DAYS.

By kind permission of Mr. H. S. Stoneham.

107, London Wall, offering £1 preference shares in Werners, Limited, for sale at 18s. 9d., and recommending them as shares in an *old-established* and sound business. Considering that the company was formed only six months ago, and that a considerable body of shareholders are at this moment suing for rescission of their contracts to take shares, and for the return of the money they have paid, on the ground of misrepresentation in the prospectus (apart from the merits of the case), we can imagine few less desirable investments than the shares which Mr. Claude Audain has to sell. Did he, we wonder, know of the litigation going on when he produced his rehash of the prospectus, and advised the purchase of the shares? And now that we have told him, will he return the money which innocent purchasers may have sent him in ignorance of the true state of affairs?

SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRIALS.

The report of Lever Brothers, Limited, must be pleasant reading for the shareholders, showing a profit of £207,369, when not much more than one-tenth of this sum is required to satisfy the claims of the preference shareholders. "The business has continued to increase in all departments," say the directors, and the shareholders may be congratulated on being partners in a most successful Home Industrial enterprise.

The preliminary notice of the result of the trading of Price's Candle Company for the year ending Dec. 31 last is also very satisfactory reading, showing, as it does, that neither gas nor electric light seems to have any effect on the earnings of this old-established and sound business. A dividend of 32s. 6d. a-share is not a bad return on the year's trading, to say nothing of the large sum carried forward.

Among the Insurance Companies the Prudential again presents a very favourable balance-sheet, with 61,450 new policies in the ordinary branch, and a total premium income of £2,304,013, and when, in addition to this, in the industrial branch of the business the premiums received amount to the gigantic sum of £4,352,625, it is easy to see what a mammoth business is conducted by the society. The assets amount to £23,915,890, and include £5,925,397 advanced upon rates, and upwards of £2,000,000 each in Consols, Indian and Colonial Government securities, railway debenture stocks, freehold ground-rents, and mortgages.

Saturday, March 7, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DIAMOND.—(1) We do not care much for this concern. (2) Considering the political position in the Rand, we should not be inclined to advise further purchases at present. Scares and rumours of wars are not improbable.

CYCLE.—We apologise for quoting Beeson Tyre shares at 5s. This was the price the day before the case was decided, and, at the moment we wrote, the effect of the compromise was quite unknown. It was on the day after we wrote that the shares jumped to double the price we named. They are not bad even now.

J. J. G.—(1) We have more faith than ever in Burbank's, for we know the honest and able hands in which the Australian management is vested (see our "Notes" this week). (2) We think very well of this company at the price. (3) We would not buy any of them.

DONE.—(1) We really do not understand what you mean about the Public Prosecutor. The property belongs to the shareholders, and if you objected to the sale your course was to have organised a resistance to the sale among your co-proprietors, but then you would have had to find the money to carry on. If the shareholders like to sell their property without waiting for the 1895 accounts, it may be very foolish, but who shall say them nay? The case you send us does not touch your company, which is not in compulsory liquidation, and the Official Receiver cannot make any report. You have got hold of a mare's-nest. Consult a solicitor, and lay the papers we are returning to you before him. If you like to waste your money, "petition," but you will get no satisfaction out of it.

CLYDE.—(1) All right. You may safely deal. (2) We do not advise dealings. They have not occupied their present offices very long. (3 and 4) We do not care for them. (5) Doubtful at present price. We advised them eighteen months ago at about 15s. (6) Good. (7) A waste of money. (8) No.

C. A. L. D.—(1) We don't like it. (2) Do not touch the Universal Corporation of Western Australia, Limited. (3) Buy London and Globe or Continental and West Australian Corporation.

J. M.—We wrote to you on the 5th inst. We have tried to see the secretary, but failed. Next week we will tell you when the meeting will be held.

NOVICE.—You can always withdraw before, but not after, allotment, and we know nothing of either company which will enable you to escape. Pay up, and try to look happy. We agree with the *Saturday Review*. In answer to your second letter, "Yes."

Sr. Mungo.—The Bank you name is all right, and quite safe.

T. N.—We wrote to you on the 4th instant.

G. W.—It is sure to come, but when, we do not know. We doubt whether it is worth keeping money uninvested for.

RODES.—(1) Mashonaland Agency or Rhodesia Explorations in Charterland, or Johannesburg Waterworks, or Barnato Consolidated. (2 and 3) Yes.

DALETH.—In the Birkbeck Bank, yes; in the other, no.

R. F. S.—(1) The good banks here will not pay more than about £4 5s. per cent. The London and County, the National and Provincial, and Lloyd's are all safe enough. (2) Imperial Continental Gas stock or Australian Mortgage Land and Finance shares are excellent investments, and will return over 5 per cent.

VINDEX.—The firm continually give great dissatisfaction to clients. We have handed your papers to a solicitor, who has promised to look them over and give you an opinion as to your legal rights. You may trust what he says. From our Rules you will see we cannot give legal opinions, for law is a wonderful thing. Of course, you will be put to no expense, except with your own consent.

DON.—We have a poor opinion of both.

A. G. M.—Australian: (1) a speculation on which we are not sweet; (2 and 3) We have a bad opinion of both. Indian: (1) a fair speculation. African: (1, 2, and 3) We have a very bad opinion of all. Try Menzies Golden Age, Burbank's Birthday Gift, Golden Plum, and Mount Margaret, which are all good.

OVERLAND.—(1) First-rate. (2) A good speculation. (3) Ely Brothers for choice. You have picked on first-rate concerns, which want no recommendation from us.

AMOS.—We answered your letters on the 7th inst.

ALPHA.—We advise you to divide the money between the following, which seem to be the kind of thing you want:—(1) Imperial Continental Gas stock; (2) New York Brewery debentures; (3) Humber 6 per cent. preference shares; (4) Assam Railway and Trading pre-preference shares. Buy £300 nominal of the first, £500 of the second, and divide the balance between 3 and 4. You will get no interest on Grand Trunk Guaranteed; as an investment we would not touch them with a barge-pole. There are no New York Central 8 per cent. bonds. We should prefer City of Wellington or Christchurch bonds to the Industrials you mention.

TALGRAM.—It is a matter of opinion. What the *Financial Times* says is obviously true, for it must take many years to develop a revenue if there is no gold in the country. Agriculture is a beautiful thing, but slow. If you think there is no payable gold in Matabeleland, sell out; otherwise, hold on.

AFRICAN.—Yes, it is quite true that the shareholders of the Marie Rose are taking steps to recover their money. You had better join the combination recommended by the *African Critic*. We do not recommend you to join certain other shareholders whose case is, we are told, to be conducted by Mr. Edward Beal—a solicitor not unknown to fame in City circles.

N. E. R.—(1) No—very much no. (2) No.

TORPENHOW.—Yes, the bonds are genuine enough, but C. R. and Co. charge about 30 per cent. too much for them. You had far better buy at market price. We should prefer City of Antwerp or City of Brussels, but, of course, it is a gamble. There are lots of respectable brokers who will sell you lottery bonds at current price, always less than C. R. and Co. ask.

J. L.—We prefer Nos. 1, 2, and 4. (6) A fair investment. (7) No, we are not sweet on it. (8) Yes. We can only give the names of brokers by private letter, for which see Rule 5.